SIR JOHN DENHAM

From an original Picture in the Collection of Lord Chesterfield. *Cook sc.*

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand London Decr. 1. 1779.

BELL'S EDITION
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE; FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

DENHAM

Her fainting hand let fall the fword befmear'd
With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd

Death of Dido p. 87

Stothard del. *Delattre sc.*

[Pr]inted for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand London Dec.r 11th 1779.

Sri Sarfoji Royal

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR JOHN DENHAM.

714

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Bear me, oh! bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and ſurrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muſes ſport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths ſhall grow
While laſts the mountain, or while Thames ſhall flow.)----
Here his firſt lays majeſtic DENHAM ſung;
There the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.----
Who now ſhall charm the ſhades where Cowley ſtrung
His living harp, and lofty DENHAM ſung?

POPE.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SEEFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

714

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	SONGS,
EPISTLES,	TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

-----------Tread with reſpectful awe
Windſor's green glades, where DENHAM, tuneful Bard!
Charm'd once the liſt'ning Dryads with his ſong,
Sublimely ſweet. O! grant me, ſacred Shade!
To glean ſubmiſs what thy full ſickle leaves.

SOMERVILLE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

He was ſoon after pricked for High Sheriff of the county of Surrey, having an eſtate at Egham in that county, and appointed Governor of Farnham Caſtle; but his ſkill in military affairs not being extenſive, he reſigned that charge, and went to King Charles I. then at Oxford, where, in 1643, he publiſhed Cooper's Hill *.

This poem had ſuch reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence:

* This poem was printed at Oxford in 1643, and was afterwards ſeveral times reprinted. The editions after the Reſtoration differ conſiderably from the preceding ones. In 1676 it was tranſlated into Latin verſe by Mr. Moſes Pengry, of Brazen-Noſe College, Oxford, and publiſhed under the title of *Cooper's Hill Latine redditum, ad Nobiliſſimum Dominum Gulielmum Dominum Cavendiſh, Honoratiſſimi Domini Gulielmi Comitis Devoniæ Filium Unicum.*

Mr. Dryden, ſpeaking of this poem, ſays, that "for the majeſty of the ſtyle it is, and ever will be, the exact ſtandard "of good writing." And the noble author of An Eſſay on Human Life obſerves, that "Cooper's Hill has met with univerſal "applauſe, though its ſubject ſeems rather deſcriptive than "inſtructive: but it is not the Hill, the River, nor the Stag-"chaſe, it is the good ſenſe, and the fine reflections, ſo fre-"quently interſperſed, and, as it were, interwoven with the "reſt, that gives it the value, and will make it, as was ſaid "of true wit, everlaſting like the ſun." Mr. Pope alſo celebrates this beautiful poem in the following lines of his Windſor Foreſt.

Ye ſacred Nine! that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
Whoſe raptures fire me, and whoſe viſions bleſs;
Bear me, oh! bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and ſurrounding greens;

a report was ſpread that the performance was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The ſame attempt was made to rob Addiſon of his Cato, and Pope of his Eſſay on Criticiſm.

In 1647 the diſtreſſes of the Royal family required him to engage in more dangerous employments. He was intruſted by the Queen with a meſſage to the King, who was then in the hands of the army; and, by whatever means, ſo far ſoftened the ferocity of Hugh Peters, that, by his interceſſion, admiſſion was procured. Of the King's condeſcenſion he has given an account in the Dedication of this volume.

After this he was employed in carrying on the King's correſpondence; and, as he ſays, diſcharged this office with great ſafety to the Royaliſts; and being afterwards diſcovered by the adverſe party's

To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muſes ſport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths ſhall grow
While laſts the mountain, or while Thames ſhall flow.)
I ſeem thro' conſecrated walks to rove,
I hear ſoft muſic die along the grove;
Led by the ſound, I roam from ſhade to ſhade,
By godlike poets venerable made:
Here his firſt lays majeſtic Denham ſung;
Here the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.

Mr. Somerville, alſo, has the following lines on our Author.

-----------Tread with reſpectful awe
Windſor's green glades, where Denham, tuneful Bard!
Charm'd once the liſt'ning Dryads with his ſong,
Sublimely ſweet. O! grant me, ſacred Shade!
To glean ſubmiſs what thy full ſickle leaves.

THE LIFE OF

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Of Sir John Denham very little is known but what is related of him by Wood, or by himself.

He was born at Dublin in 1615, and was the only son of Sir John Denham of Little Horsley in Essex, some time Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and one of the Lords Justices of that kingdom, by Eleanor, daughter of Sir Garret Moore, baron of Melifont. In 1617, upon his father's being made one of the Barons of the Exchequer in England, our Author was brought from his native country, and received his grammatical education in London.

In 1631, being then sixteen years of age, young Denham was entered a Gentleman Commoner in Trinity College, Oxford; "where," according to Anthony Wood, "being looked upon as a slow dreaming young "man, and more addicted to gaming than study, they "could never imagine he would ever enrich the world "with the issue of his brain, as he afterwards did;" for he then gave no prognostics of future eminence, nor was suspected to conceal, under sluggishness and laxity, a genius born to improve the literature of his country.

He reſided three years in the univerſity; and, after going through the proper academical exerciſes, was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He had afterwards chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and for ſome time proſecuted the Common Law with ſufficient appearance of application; yet did not loſe his propenſity towards gaming, but was frequently plundered by gamblers. However, being ſeverely chid by his father, who threatened to diſinherit him if he did not reform, he profeſſed, and perhaps believed, himſelf reclaimed; and, to teſtify the ſincerity of his repentance, wrote and publiſhed An Eſſay upon Gaming, which he preſented to his father, to convince him of his deteſtation of it. Notwithſtanding this, his father dying in 1638, he was ſo imprudent as to ſquander away ſeveral thouſands in gratifying a paſſion which he ſeemingly ſo much deteſted.

He ſeems to have divided his ſtudies between law and poetry; for in 1636 he tranſlated the ſecond book of the Æneid.

In 1641 he publiſhed The Sophy, which was acted at a private houſe in Blackfriers with great applauſe. This ſeems to have given him his firſt claim to public attention; for Waller remarked, "that he broke out "like the Iriſh rebellion, threeſcore thouſand ſtrong, "when no body was aware, or in the leaſt ſuſpected "it;" an obſervation void of propriety, had his poetical abilities been known before.

knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, he happily escaped, both for himself and his friends.

In April 1648 he conveyed James Duke of York (then under the tuition of Algernon Earl of Northumberland) from London into France, and delivered him to the Queen and Prince of Wales*. This year he published his translation of Cato Major.

He now resided in France, as one of the followers of the exiled King; and, to divert the melancholy of their condition, was sometimes enjoined by his master to write occasional verses.

About this time Mr. Denham was joined with William, afterwards Lord Crofts, in an embassy from Charles II. to the King of Poland. Whilst in Poland he and Lord Crofts procured a contribution of ten thousand pounds from the Scots who traded in that kingdom. Poland was at that time very much frequented by itinerant traders, who, in a country of very little commerce and of great extent, where every man resided on his own estate, contributed very much to the accommodation of life, by bringing to every man's house those little necessaries which it was very inconvenient to want, and very troublesome to fetch. I have formerly read, without much reflection, of the

* So says Wood; but Lord Clarendon asserts that the Duke went off with Col. Bamfield only, who contrived the means of his escape.

multitude of Scotſmen that travelled with their wares in Poland; and that their numbers were not ſmall the ſucceſs of this negotiation gives ſufficient evidence.

Mr. Denham returned into England about the year 1652, and what eſtate the Civil war and the gameſters had left him being ſold by order of the Parliament, he was kindly entertained by the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton, with whom he continued near twelve months.

At the Reſtoration, Inigo Jones being dead, he obtained, what many miſſed, the reward of his loyalty, being made Surveyor of the King's Buildings, and at the coronation of Charles II. dignified with the order of the Bath.

After the Reſtoration he wrote the poem upon Prudence and Juſtice, and perhaps ſome of his other pieces; and as he appears, whenever any ſerious queſtion comes before him, to have been a man of piety, he conſecrated his poetical powers to religion, and made a metrical verſion of the Pſalms of David. In this attempt he failed: but in ſacred poetry who has ſucceeded?

From the indulgence of his royal maſter, joined to public eſteem, there was reaſon to hope our Author might now be happy; but human felicity is ſhort and uncertain: upon ſome diſcontent ariſing from a ſecond

marriage Sir John Denham became diſordered in his underſtanding; but recovering from that diſorder, he continued in great eſteem for his poetical abilities, not only at court, but with all perſons of taſte and erudition; for he afterwards wrote his excellent poem upon the death of Cowley. Butler lampooned him for his lunacy; but it is not known whether the malignant lines were then made public, nor what provocation incited Butler to do that which no provocation can excuſe.

Sir John Denham died at his office near Whitehall in March 1668, and was interred in Weſtminſter-Abbey, near the tomb of Chaucer, Spenſer, and Cowley.

Denham is deſervedly conſidered as one of the fathers of Engliſh poetry. "Denham and Waller," ſays Prior, "improved our verſification, and Dryden perfected it." He has given ſpecimens of various compoſition, deſcriptive, ludicrous, didactic, and ſublime.

He appears to have had, in common with all mankind, the ambition of being, upon proper occaſions, a merry fellow; and, in common with moſt of them, to have been by nature, or by early habits, debarred from it. Nothing is leſs exhilerating than the ludicrouſneſs of Denham. He does not fail for want of efforts: he is familiar, he is groſs; but he is never merry, unleſs the Speech againſt Peace in the Cloſe

Committee be excepted. For grave burlesque, however, his imitation of Davenant shews him to have been well qualified.

Of his more elevated occasional poems there is perhaps none that does not deserve commendation. In the verses to Fletcher is an image that has since been often adopted. The lines are,

> Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
> Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
> Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred, slain.

After Denham, Orrery, in one of his prologues,

> "Poets are sultans, if they had their will,
> "For every author would his brother kill."

And Pope,

> "Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
> "Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne."

But this is not the best of his little pieces; it is excelled by his poem to Fanshaw, and his elegy on Cowley. This elegy on the death of Cowley was his last, and, among his shorter works, his best, performance: the numbers are musical, and the thoughts are just.

His praise of Fanshaw's version of Guarini contains a very sprightly and judicious character of a good translator:

> That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
> Of tracing word by word, and line by line, &c.

Cooper's Hill is the work that confers upon him the rank and dignity of an original author. He ſeems to have been, at leaſt among us, the author of a ſpecies of compoſition that may be denominated Local Poetry, of which the fundamental ſubject is ſome particular landſcape to be poetically deſcribed, with the addition of ſuch embelliſhments as may be ſupplied by hiſtorical retroſpection or incidental meditation.

To trace a new ſcheme of poetry has in itſelf a very high claim to praiſe; and its praiſe is yet more when it is apparently copied by Garth and Pope; after whoſe names little will be gained by an enumeration of ſmaller poets, that have left ſcarce a corner of the iſland undignified by rhyme or blank verſe.

Cooper's Hill, if it be maliciouſly inſpected, will not be found without its faults. The digreſſions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the ſentiments ſometimes ſuch as will not bear a rigorous inquiry. The four verſes which, ſince Dryden has commended them, almoſt every writer for a century paſt has imitated, are generally known;

> O could I flow like thee! and make thy ſtream
> My great example, as it is my theme;
> Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull;
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

The lines are in themſelves not perfect; for moſt of the words, thus artfully oppoſed, are to be underſtood ſimply on one ſide of the compariſon, and metapho-

rically on the other; and if there be any language which does not expreſs intellectual operations by material images, into that language they cannot be tranſlated: but ſo much meaning is compriſed in ſo few words; the particulars of reſemblance are ſo perſpicaciouſly collected, and every mode of excellence ſeparated from its adjacent fault by ſo nice a line of limitation; the different parts of the ſentence are ſo accurately adjuſted, and the flow of the laſt couplet is ſo ſmooth and ſweet, that the paſſage, however celebrated, has not been praiſed above its merit. It has beauty peculiar to itſelf, and muſt be numbered among thoſe felicities which cannot be produced at will by wit and labour, but muſt ariſe unexpectedly in ſome hour propitious to poetry.

Sir John Denham appears to have been one of the firſt that underſtood the neceſſity of emancipating tranſlation from the drudgery of counting lines, and interpreting ſingle words. How much this ſervile practice obſcured the cleareſt, and deformed the moſt beautiful, parts of the ancient authors, may be diſcovered by a peruſal of our earlier verſions; ſome of them the works of men well qualified not only by critical knowledge, but by poetical genius, who yet, by a miſtaken ambition of exactneſs, degraded at once their originals and themſelves.

Denham ſaw the better way, but has not purſued

it with great fuccefs. His verfions of Virgil are not pleafing, but they taught Dryden to pleafe better. His poetical imitation of Tully on Old Age, has neither the clearnefs of profe nor the fprightlinefs of poetry. The ftrength of Denham, which Pope fo emphatically mentions, is to be found in many lines and couplets, which convey much meaning in few words, and exhibit the fentiment with more weight than bulk.

ON THE THAMES.

Tho' with thofe ftreams he no refemblance hold,
Whofe foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and lefs guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but furvey his fhore.

ON STRAFFORD.

His wifdom fuch, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder and three kingdoms' fear;
Whilft fingle he ftood forth, and feem'd, altho'
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that fpake.
Each feem'd to act that part he came to fee,
And none was more a looker-on than he.
So did he move our paffions, fome were known
To wifh, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity ftrove with public hate,
Reafon with rage, and eloquence with fate.

ON COWLEY.

To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own.
Horace's wit and Virgil's ftate
He did not fteal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.

As one of Denham's principal claims to the regard of poſterity ariſes from his improvement of our numbers, his verſification ought to be conſidered: it will afford that pleaſure which ariſes from the obſervation of a man of right natural judgment forſaking bad copies by degrees, and advancing towards a better practice as he gains more confidence in himſelf.

In his tranſlation of Virgil, written when he was about twenty-one years old, may be ſtill found the old manner of continuing the ſenſe ungracefully from verſe to verſe.

--------Then all thoſe
Who in the dark our fury did eſcape,
Returning, know our borrow'd arms and ſhape,
And differing dialect: then their numbers ſwell
And grow upon us. Firſt Chorœbus fell
Before Minerva's altar: next did bleed
Juſt Repheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends: nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
Nor conſecrated mitre, from the ſame
Ill fate could ſave. My country's funeral flame,
And Troy's cold aſhes, I atteſt and call
To witneſs for myſelf, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did and deſerv'd no leſs my fate to find.

From this kind of concatenated metre he afterwards refrained, and taught his followers the art of concluding their ſenſe in couplets, which has perhaps been with rather too much conſtancy purſued.

This paſſage exhibits one of thoſe triplets which are not unfrequent in this firſt eſſay, but which, it is

to be ſuppoſed, his maturer judgment diſapproved, ſince in his latter works he has totally forborne them.

His rhymes are ſuch as ſeem found without difficulty by following the ſenſe, and are, for the moſt part, as exact at leaſt as thoſe of other poets, though now and then the reader is ſhifted off with what he can get.

-------Oh how *transform'd!*
How much unlike that Hector who *return'd*
Clad in Achilles' ſpoils!------

And again,

From thence a thouſand leſſer poets *ſprung*,
Like petty princes from the fall of *Rome*.

Sometimes the weight of rhyme is laid upon a word too feeble to ſuſtain it.

-------Troy confounded falls
From all her glories: if it might have ſtood
By any power, by this right hand it *ſhould*.
---And tho' my outward ſtate misfortune *hath*
Depreſs'd thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
----Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
A feigned tear deſtroys us, againſt *whom*
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years' conflict, nor a thouſand ſail.

He is not very careful to vary the ends of his verſes: in one paſſage the word *die* rhymes three couplets in ſix.

Moſt of theſe petty faults are in his firſt productions, when he was leſs ſkilful, or at leaſt leſs dexterous, in the uſe of words; and though they had been

more frequent, they could only have leſſened the grace, not the ſtrength, of his compoſition. He is one of the writers that improved our taſte, and advanced our language, and whom we ought therefore to read with gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

After the delivery of your Royal father's perſon into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the Queen-mother that I would find ſome means to get acceſs to him, ſhe was pleaſed to ſend me; and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well inſtructed from the Queen, (his Majeſty having been kept long in the dark) he was pleaſed to diſcourſe very freely with me of the whole ſtate of his affairs. But, Sir, I will not launch into an hiſtory inſtead of an epiſtle. One morning waiting on him at Cauſham, ſmiling upon me, he ſaid he could tell me ſome news of myſelf, which was, that he had ſeen ſome verſes of mine the evening before, (being thoſe to Sir R. Fanſhaw) and aſking me when I made them, I told him two or three years ſince. He was was pleaſed to ſay, that having never ſeen them before, he was afraid I had written them ſince my return into England; and though he liked them well, he would adviſe me to write no more; alleging that when men are young, and have little elſe to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more ſerious employments, if they ſtill perſiſted in that courſe, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I ſtood corrected as long as I had the

honour to wait upon him; and at his departure from Hampton-Court he was pleafed to command me to ftay privately at London, to fend to him and receive from him all his letters from and to all his correfpondents at home and abroad; and I was furnifhed with nine feveral ciphers in order to it; which truft I performed with great fafety to the perfons with whom we correfponded: but about nine months after, being difcovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, I happily efcaped, both for myfelf and thofe that held correfpondence with me. That time was too hot and bufy for fuch idle fpeculations: but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your Majefty in Holland and France, you were pleafed fometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our banifhment, which now and then fell not fhort of your Majefty's expectation.

After, when your Majefty, departing from St. Germains to Jerfey, was pleafed freely (without my afking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to ferve you, I then gave over poetical lines, and made it my bufinefs to draw fuch others as might be more ferviceable to your Majefty, and I hope more lafting. Since that time I never difobeyed my old mafter's commands till this fummer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert thofe melancholy thoughts which the new apparitions of foreign invafion and domeftic difcontent gave us:

but thefe clouds being now happily blown over, and our fun clearly fhining out again, I have recovered the relapfe, it being fufpected that it would have proved the epidemical difeafe of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth: yet Socrates, Ariftotle, and Cato, did the fame; and Scaliger faith, that fragment of Ariftotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a Dedication, for thofe epiftles are commonly greater abfurdities than any that come after; for what author can reafonably believe that fixing the great name of fome eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away cenfure, and that the firft leaf fhould be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that ftand behind it? neither have I any need of fuch fhifts, for moft of the parts of this body have already had your Majefty's view; and having paft the teft of fo clear and fharp-fighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who fhall prefume to diffent from your Majefty will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for thofe latter parts which have not yet received your Majefty's favourable afpect, if they who have feen them do not flatter me, (for I dare not truft my own judgment) they will make it appear that it is not with me as with moft of mankind, who never forfake their darling vices till their vices forfake them; and that

this divorce was not *frigiditatis causa*, but an act of choice, and not of necessity. Therefore, Sir, I shall only call it an Humble Petition that your Majesty will please to pardon this new amour to my old mistress, and my disobedience to his commands to whose memory I look up with great reverence and devotion: and making a serious reflection upon that wise advice, it carries much greater weight with it now than when it was given; for when age and experience has so ripened man's discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or public affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty airy reputation of being *nimis poëta*; and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my predecessors did, saying,

> "Splendidis longum valedico nugis.
> "Hic versus et cætera ludicra pono."

Your Majesty's most faithful

and loyal subject, and most

dutiful and devoted servant,

JO. DENHAM.

MISCELLANIES.

COOPER'S HILL.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnaſſus, nor did taſte the ſtream
Of Helicon; we therefore may ſuppoſe
Thoſe made not poets, but the poets thoſe.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muſes and their train reſort
Parnaſſus ſtands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnaſſus art to me.
Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auſpicious height)
Thro' untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundleſs in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which ſwift as thought contracts the ſpace
That lies between, and firſt ſalutes the place
Crown'd with that ſacred pile, ſo vaſt, ſo high,
That whether 't is a part of earth or ſky
Uncertain ſeems, and may be thought a proud
Aſpiring mountain, or deſcending cloud;
Paul's, the late theme of ſuch a Muſe *, whoſe flight
Has bravely reach'd and ſoar'd above thy height;
Now ſhalt thou ſtand, tho' ſword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conſpire,
Secure, whilſt thee the beſt of poets ſings,
Preſerv'd from ruin by the beſt of kings.

* Mr. Waller.

Under his proud ſurvey the City lies,
And like a miſt beneath a hill doth riſe,
Whoſe ſtate and wealth, the bus'neſs and the crowd,
Seems at this diſtance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things eſteems,
No other in effect than what it ſeems;
Where with like haſte, tho' ſeveral ways, they run,
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increaſe;
As rivers loſt in ſeas, ſome ſecret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be loſt again.
Oh! happineſs of ſweet retir'd content!
To be at once ſecure and innocent.
Windſor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with ſtrength) above the valley ſwells
Into my eye, and doth itſelf preſent
With ſuch an eaſy and unforc'd aſcent,
That no ſtupendous precipice denies
Acceſs, no horror turns away our eyes;
But ſuch a riſe as doth at once invite
A pleaſure and a rev'rence from the ſight:
Thy mighty maſter's emblem, in whoſe face
Sat meekneſs, heighten'd with majeſtic grace;
Such ſeems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the baſis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which ſupports the ſpheres.

When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiſer pow'r than Chance;
Mark'd out for ſuch an uſe, as if 't were meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuſe
Folly or blindneſs only could refuſe.
A crown of ſuch majeſtic towers doth grace
The god's great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her; yet ſhe cannot boaſt,
Among that num'rous and celeſtial hoſt,
More heroes than can Windſor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back ſo far, to whom this iſle
Owes the firſt glory of ſo brave a pile,
Whether to Cæſar, Albanact, or Brute,
The Britiſh Arthur, or the Daniſh C'nute;
(Tho' this of old no leſs conteſt did move
Than when for Homer's birth ſeven cities ſtrove)
(Like him in birth, thou ſhouldſt be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whoſoe'er it was, Nature deſign'd
Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount thoſe ſev'ral kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward! and thy greater ſon *,
(The Lilies which his father wore he won)

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

And thy Bellona*, who the confort came
Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king†,
And brought that fon which did the fecond† bring;
Then didft thou found that Order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move:)
Each was a noble caufe, and nothing lefs
Than the defign has been the great fuccefs,
Which foreign kings and emperors efteem
The fecond honour to their diadem.
Had thy great Deftiny but given thee fkill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from thofe kings, who then thy captives were,
In after-times fhould fpring a royal pair
Who fhould poffefs all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy defires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate referves whate'er
The victor hopes for or the vanquifh'd fear:
That blood which thou and thy great grandfire fhed,
And all that fince thefe fifter nations bled,
Had been unfpilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he fpilt had been his own.
When he that patron chofe in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did feem
But to foretel and prophefy of him

* Queen Philippa.
† The kings of France and Scotland.

Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at firſt deſign'd;
That bound which to the world's extremeſt ends,
Endleſs itſelf, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need thoſe emblems which we paint,
But is himſelf the ſoldier and the ſaint.
Here ſhould my wonder dwell, and here my praiſe,
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whoſe top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. (May no ſuch ſtorm
Fall on our times, where ruin muſt reform!)
Tell me, my Muſe! what monſtrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Chriſtian king incenſe
To ſuch a rage? Was't luxury or luſt?
Was he ſo temperate, ſo chaſte, ſo juſt?
Were theſe their crimes? they were his own much
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor, [more;
Who having ſpent the treaſures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own;
And yet this act, to varniſh o'er the ſhame
Of ſacrilege, muſt bear Devotion's name.
No crime ſo bold but would be underſtood
A real, or at leaſt a ſeeming, good.
Who fears not to do ill yet fears the name,
And, free from conſcience, is a ſlave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects and ſpoils;
But princes' ſwords are ſharper than their ſtyles:

And thus to th' ages paſt he makes amends,
Their charity deſtroys, their faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell,
And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the ſtork devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known
Betwixt their Frigid and our Torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be reſtleſs in a worſe extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be caſt into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but muſt advance
So far, to make us wiſh for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way
Than led by a falſe guide to err by day?
Who ſees theſe diſmal heaps but would demand
What barbarous invader ſack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This deſolation, but a Chriſtian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our beſt actions and the worſt of theirs;
What does he think our ſacrilege would ſpare,
When ſuch th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, ſhame, and fear,
Thoſe for what's paſt, and this for what's too near,
My eye deſcending from the Hill, ſurveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies ſtrays:

Thames! the moſt lov'd of all the Ocean's ſons
By his old ſire, to his embraces runs,
Haſting to pay his tribute to the ſea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Tho' with thoſe ſtreams he no reſemblance hold,
Whoſe foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and leſs guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but ſurvey his ſhore,
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' enſuing ſpring;
Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a ſtay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a ſudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuſe kings, reſumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations ſpoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows;
Firſt loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his bleſſings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the ſea or wind;
When he, to boaſt or to diſperſe his ſtores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful ſhores,
Viſits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 't is, beſtows it where it wants,
Cities in deſerts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is ſtrange,
While his fair boſom is the world's exchange.

O could I flow like thee! and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer current, 's loſt:
Thy nobler ſtreams ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
To ſhine among the ſtars*, and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to pleaſe
Us for herſelf with ſtrange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no leſs delight
To the wiſe Maker's than beholder's ſight;
Tho' theſe delights from ſev'ral cauſes move,
For ſo our children, thus our friends, we love)
Wiſely ſhe knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of ſounds, from diſcord ſprings.
Such was the diſcord which did firſt diſperſe
Form, order, beauty, thro' the univerſe;
While dryneſs moiſture, coldneſs heat reſiſts,
All that we have, and that we are, ſubſiſts;
While the ſteep horrid roughneſs of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmneſs of the flood.
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence reſults, from thence delight.
The ſtream is ſo tranſparent, pure, and clear,
That had the ſelf-enamour'd youth† gaz'd here,

* The Foreſt. † Narciſſus.

So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had ſeen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his ſhoulders and his ſides
A ſhady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle ſtream, which calmly flows,
While winds and ſtorms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a ſpacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the ſtream embrac'd,
Which ſhade and ſhelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all theſe appears
Variety, which all the reſt endears.
This ſcene had ſome bold Greek or Britiſh bard
Beheld of old, what ſtories had we heard
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their dames,
Their feaſts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?
'Tis ſtill the ſame, altho' their airy ſhape
All but a quick poetic ſight eſcape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned hoſt reſorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whoſe ſublime and ſhady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great maſterpiece, to ſhew how ſoon
Great things are made, but ſooner are undone.
Here have I ſeen the King, when great affairs
Gave leave to ſlacken and unbend his cares,

Attended to the chaſe by all the flow'r
Of youth, whoſe hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleaſure with praiſe and danger they would buy,
And wiſh a foe that would not only fly.
The ſtag now conſcious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and ſloth,
To ſome dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's, ſhould invade
His ſoft repoſe; when th' unexpected ſound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Rouz'd with the noiſe, he ſcarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illuſions of his fear
Had given this falſe alarm, but ſtraight his view
Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his ſtrengths, the wood beſet,
All inſtruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his ſtrength, and then his ſpeed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With theſe t' avoid, with that his fate to meet,
But fear prevails, and bids him truſt his feet.
So faſt he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has loſt the chaſers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler ſenſe
Their diſproportion'd ſpeed doth recompenſe;
Then curſes his conſpiring feet, whoſe ſcent
Betrays that ſafety which their ſwiftneſs lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baſer herd,
Where he ſo lately was obey'd and fear'd,

His ſafety ſeeks: the herd, unkindly wiſe,
Or chaſes him from thence or from him flies.
Like a declining ſtateſman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and purſuers' ſcorn,
With ſhame remembers, while himſelf was one
Of the ſame herd, himſelf the ſame had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conſcious groves,
The ſcenes of his paſt triumphs and his loves,
Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the ſoil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the ſtream
His dreadful challenge and his claſhing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal ſtrife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
Preſents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Weary'd, forſaken, and purſu'd, at laſt
All ſafety in deſpair of ſafety plac'd,
Courage he thence reſumes, reſolv'd to bear
All their aſſaults, ſince 't is in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wiſhes for the fight
That ſtrength he waſted in ignoble flight;
But when he ſees the eager chaſe renew'd,
Himſelf by dogs, the dogs by men purſu'd,
He ſtraight revokes his bold reſolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;

Finds that uncertain ways unſafeſt are,
And doubt a greater miſchief than deſpair.
Then to the ſtream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor ſpeed, nor art, avail, he ſhapes his courſe;
Thinks not their rage ſo deſp'rate to eſſay
An element more mercileſs than they.
But fearleſs they purſue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thriſt: alas! they thirſt for blood.
So t'wards a ſhip the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting ſea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on thoſe that dare
Tempt the laſt fury of extreme deſpair.
So fares the ſtag; among th' enraged hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
And as a hero, whom his baſer foes
In troops ſurround, now theſe aſſails, now thoſe,
Tho' prodigal of life, diſdains to die
By common hands; but if he can deſcry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortal ſhaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it reſigns his blood,
And ſtains the cryſtal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chaſe
Than when of old, but in the ſelf-ſame place,
Fair Liberty purſu'd *, and meant a prey
To lawleſs Power, here turn'd, and ſtood at bay;

* Runny Mead, where the Magna Charta was firſt ſealed,

When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or ſhould have been at leaſt, the laſt.
Here was that Charter ſeal'd wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and ſlave, thoſe names of hate and fear,
The happier ſtyle of king and ſubject bear:
Happy when both to the ſame centre move,
When kings give liberty and ſubjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter ſtood;
Wanting that ſeal, it muſt be ſeal'd in blood.
The ſubjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave;
Till kings, by giving, give themſelves away,
And ev'n that power that ſhould deny betray.
"Who gives conſtrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
"Not thank'd, but ſcorn'd; nor are they gifts, but ſpoils."
Thus kings, by graſping more than they could hold,
Firſt made their ſubjects by oppreſſion bold;
And popular ſway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for ſubjects to receive,
Ran to the ſame extremes; and one exceſs
Made both, by ſtriving to be greater, leſs.
When a calm river, rais'd with ſudden rains,
Or ſnows diſſolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The huſbandmen with high-rais'd banks ſecure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;

But if with bays and dams they ſtrive to force
His channel to a new or narrow courſe,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
Firſt to a torrent, then a deluge, ſwells;
Stronger and fiercer by reſtraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his ſhores.

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S

TRIAL AND DEATH.

GREAT Strafford! worthy of that name, tho' all
Of thee could be forgotten but thy fall,
Cruſh'd by imaginary treaſon's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate.
As chymiſts gold from braſs by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treaſon forg'd by law.
His wiſdom ſuch, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear,
Whilſt ſingle he ſtood forth, and ſeem'd, altho'
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that ſpake.
Each ſeem'd to act that part he came to ſee,
And none was more a looker-on than he.
So did he move our paſſions, ſome were known
To wiſh, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity ſtrove with public hate,
Reaſon with rage, and eloquence with fate,

Now they could him if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wiſe, to live:
Leſs ſeem thoſe facts which Treaſon's nickname bore
Than ſuch a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him expreſs,
His innocence and their own guilt confeſs.
Their legiſlative frenzy they repent,
Enacting it ſhould make no precedent.
This fate he could have 'ſcap'd, but would not loſe
Honour for life, but rather nobly choſe
Death from their fears than ſafety from his own,
That his laſt action all the reſt might crown.

ON MY LORD CROFTS' AND MY JOURNEY INTO POLAND,

From whence we brought 10,000l. for his Majeſty, by the decimation of his Scottiſh ſubjects there.

I.

Tole, tole,
Gentle bell! for the ſoul
Of the pure ones in Pole,
Which are damn'd in our ſcroll.

II.

Who having felt a touch
Of Cockram's greedy clutch,
Which tho' it was not much,
Yet their ſtubborneſs was ſuch,

III.

That when we did arrive,
'Gainst the stream we did strive;
They would neither lead nor drive;

IV.

Nor lend
An ear to a friend,
Nor an answer would send
To our letter so well penn'd;

V.

Nor assist our affairs
With their monies nor their wares,
As their answer now declares,
But only with their prayers.

VI.

Thus they did persist,
Did and said what they list,
Till the diet was dismist;
But then our breech they kist.

VII.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They should pay one in ten,
The diet said, Amen.

VIII.

And because they are loath
To discover the troth,
They must give word and oath,
Tho' they will forfeit both.

IX.

Thus the conſtitution
Condemns them every one,
From the father to the ſon.

X.

But John
(Our friend) Molleſſon
Thought us to have outgone
With a quaint invention.

XI.

Like the prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before
Of the miſchiefs in ſtore,
Aye, and thrice as much more:

XII.

And with that wicked lie
A letter they came by
From our King's Majeſty.

XIII.

But Fate
Brought the letter too late;
'Twas of too old a date
To relieve their damn'd ſtate.

XIV.

The letter's to be ſeen,
With ſeal of wax ſo green,
At Dantzig, where 't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

XV.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print
Muſt alſo pay his ſtint.

XVI.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick;
But the meſſenger fell ſick.

XVII.

Had it later been wrote,
And ſooner been brought,
They had got what they ſought;
But now it ſerves for nought.

XVIII.

On Sandys * they ran aground,
And our return was crown'd
With full ten thouſand pound.

ON MR. THO. KILLIGREW'S

RETURN FROM VENICE,

AND MR. WILLIAM MURREY'S

FROM SCOTLAND.

I.

Our reſident Tom
From Venice is come,

* Mr. W.

And hath left the ſtateſman behind him;
Talks at the ſame pitch,
Is as wiſe, is as rich;
And juſt where you left him you find him.

II.

But who ſays he was not
A man of much plot
May repent that falſe accuſation;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays, to attend
The farce of his negotiation.

III.

Before you were told
How Satan * the old
Came here with a beard to his middle;
Tho' he chang'd face and name,
Old Will was the ſame,
At the noiſe of a can and a fiddle.

IV.

Theſe ſtateſmen, you believe,
Send ſtraight for the ſhrieve,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no wine,
Which is a ſhrewd ſign
That all 's not ſo well as it ſhould be.

* Mr. W. Murrey.

V.

Thefe three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of banifhment, debts, or dying?
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears,
But their angry ftars ftill defying.

VI.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor fobriety fad;
But of that they are feldom in danger:
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague, they 're at home;
The good fellow is no where a ftranger.

ON MR. ABR. COWLEY'S DEATH,

AND BURIAL AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

Old Chaucer, like the morning ftar,
To us difcovers day from far;
His light thofe mifts and clouds diffolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he defcending to the fhades,
Darknefs again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenfer rofe,
Whofe purple blufh the day forefhows;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poets' god, infpires;

By Shakeſpeare's, Johnſon's, Fletcher's, lines,
Our ſtage's luſtre Rome's outſhines.
Theſe poets near our princes ſleep,
And in one grave their manſion keep.
They liv'd to ſee ſo many days,
Till time had blaſted all their bays:
But curſed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the faireſt, ſweeteſt, flower
That in the Muſes' garden grew,
And amongſt wither'd laurels threw!
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley ſcarce did ripeneſs give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakeſpeare and Fletcher all they have:
In Spenſer, and in Johnſon, Art
Of ſlower Nature got the ſtart;
But both in him ſo equal are,
None knows which bears the happieſt ſhare.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own:
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben. Johnſon, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman ſtores
Of poets and of orators.
Horace's wit and Virgil's ſtate
He did not ſteal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb but not their clothes did wear.

He not from Rome alone, but Greecé,
Like Jafon, brought the Golden Fleece:
To him that language (tho' to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a ftiff gale (as Flaccus * fings)
The Theban fwan extends his wings,
When thro' th' ethereal clouds he flies;
To the fame pitch our fwan doth rife.
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd.
When on that gale his wings are ftretch'd.
His fancy and his judgment fuch,
Each to the other feem'd too much;
His fevere judgment (giving law)
His modeft fancy kept in awe;
As rigid hufbands jealous are
When they believe their wives too fair.
His Englifh ftreams fo pure did flow,
As all that faw and tafted know:
But for his Latin vein, fo clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear †,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear.
Of that great portraiture fo true
A copy pencil never drew.
My Mufe her fong had ended here,
But both their Genii ftraight appear:
Joy and amazement her did ftrike;
Two twins fhe never faw fo like.

* His Pindarics. † His laft works.

'Twas taught by wiſe Pythagoras
One ſoul might thro' more bodies paſs:
Seeing ſuch tranſmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a reſemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell
And ſhew the world this parallel:
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books;
Their works chaſte, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verſe
Ruſtic philoſophy rehearſe.
When heroes, gods, or godlike kings,
They praiſe, on their exalted wings
To the celeſtial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious ſpheres keep time.
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour ſhin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of theſe they feign'd excels their own.
Both by two gen'rous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:
Yet having each the ſame deſire,
Both from the buſy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds reſign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:

Yet tho' both fell before their hour,
Time on their offspring hath no pow'r:
Nor fire nor Fate their bays ſhall blaſt,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercaſt.

ON

MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

So ſhall we joy, when all whom beaſts and worms
Have turn'd to their own ſubſtances and forms;
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We ſhall behold more than at firſt entire;
As now we do to ſee all thine thy own
In this my Muſe's reſurrection,
Whoſe ſcatter'd parts from thy own race more wounds
Hath ſuffer'd than Acteon from his hounds;
Which firſt their brains and then their belly fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muſe enraged, from her urn,
Like ghoſts of murder'd bodies, does return
T' accuſe the murderers, to right the ſtage,
And undeceive the long-abuſed age,
Which caſts thy praiſe on them to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give droſs to it;
Who, not content, like felons, to purloin,
Add treaſon to it, and debaſe the coin.
But whither am I ſtray'd? I need not raiſe
Trophies to thee from other men's diſpraiſe;

Nor is thy fame on leſſer ruins built,
Nor need thy juſter title the foul guilt
Of eaſtern kings, who, to ſecure their reign,
Muſt have their brothers, ſons, and kindred, ſlain.
Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and ſinking with its weight,
From thence a thouſand leſſer poets ſprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Johnſon, Shakeſpeare, and thyſelf, did ſit,
And ſway'd in the triumvirate of wit—
Yet what from Johnſon's oil and ſweat did flow,
Or what more eaſy Nature did beſtow
On Shakeſpeare's gentler Muſe, in thee, full grown,
Their graces both appear, yet ſo that none
Can ſay here Nature ends and Art begins,
But mix'd like th' elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, ſo like, ſo much the ſame,
None this mere Nature that mere Art can name.
'Twas this the Ancients meant: nature and ſkill
Are the two tops of their Parnaſſus' hill.

NATURA NATURATA.

I.

What gives us that fantaſtic fit,
That all our judgment and our wit
To vulgar cuſtom we ſubmit?

II.

Treaſon, theft, murder, and all the reſt
Of that foul legion we ſo deteſt,
Are in their proper names expreſt.

III.

Why is it then thought ſin or ſhame
Thoſe neceſſary parts to name
From whence we went, and whence we came?

IV.

Nature, whate'er ſhe wants, requires;
With love inflaming our deſires,
Finds engines fit to quench thoſe fires:

V.

Death ſhe abhors; yet when men die
We 're preſent; but no ſtander-by
Looks on when we that loſs ſupply.

VI.

Forbidden wares ſell twice as dear;
Ev'n ſack prohibited laſt year
A moſt abominable rate did bear.

VII.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raiſe, by that device,
Of thoſe commodities the price.

VIII.

Thus reaſon's ſhadows us betray,
By tropes and figures led aſtray,
From Nature, both her guide and way.

FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE

AGAINST

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

I.

Love! in what poiſon is thy dart
Dipp'd when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know but they who feel the ſmart.

II.

It is not thou but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

III.

Love to our citadel reſorts;
Thro' thoſe deceitful ſallyports
Our ſentinels betray our forts.

IV.

What ſubtle witchcraft man conſtrains
To change his pleaſure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

V.

May not a priſon, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a ſlave.

VI.

How happy he that loves not lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives
To Fortune who no hoſtage gives.

VII.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneaſy, finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

VIII.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth, attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

IX.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife or wanton boy
May all thoſe gen'rous thoughts deſtroy.

X.

Then he lays by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to ſpare.

XI.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight:

XII.

Tho' ſtill his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone no fear he knew.

XIII.

But Death in all her forms appears
From ev'ry thing he ſees and hears
For whom he leads and whom he bears *.

* His father and ſon.

XIV.

Love, making all things elſe his foes,
Like a fierce torrent overflows
Whatever doth his courſe oppoſe.

XV.

This was the cauſe, the poets ſung,
Thy mother from the ſea was ſprung;
But they were mad to make thee young.

XVI.

Her father, not her ſon, art thou:
From our deſires our actions grow;
And from the cauſe th' effect muſt flow.

XVII.

Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandſire of father Adam's crime.

XVIII.

Well may'ſt thou keep this world in awe;
Religion, wiſdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

XIX.

'Tis he commands the powers above;
Phœbus reſigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder, to the god of Love.

XX.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;
Nor Mars (her champion) his flaming ſhield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

XXI.

He clips Hope's wings, whoſe airy bliſs
Much higher than fruition is,
But leſs than nothing if it miſs.

XXII.

When matches Love alone projects,
The cauſe tranſcending the effects,
That wildfire 's quench'd in cold neglects:

XXIII.

Whilſt thoſe conjunctions prove the beſt
Where Love 's of blindneſs diſpoſſeſt
By perſpectives of intereſt.

XXIV.

Tho' Sol'mon with a thouſand wives
To get a wiſe ſucceſſor ſtrives,
But one (and he a fool) ſurvives.

XXV.

Old Rome of children took no care;
They with their friends their beds did ſhare,
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

XXVI.

Love drowſy days and ſtormy nights
Makes, and breaks friendſhip, whoſe delights
Feed, but not glut, our appetites.

XXVII.

Well-choſen friendſhip, the moſt noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

XXVIII.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, av'rice, fear, and jealoufy,
Make friendfhip languifh till it die.

XXIX.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themfelves forbear:

XXX.

Yet tim'rous deer and harmlefs fheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of Nature ceafe to keep.

XXXI.

Who then can blame the am'rous boy
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own fet fire on Troy?

XXXII.

Such is the world's prepoft'rous fate,
Amongft all creatures mortal hate
Love (tho' immortal) doth create.

XXXIII.

But Love may beafts excufe, for they
Their actions not by reafon fway,
But their brute appetites obey.

XXXIV.

But man 's that favage beaft, whofe mind,
From reafon to felf-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

A SPEECH AGAINST PEACE

AT THE

CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of, "I went from England."

BUT will you now to peace incline,
And languiſh in the main deſign,
And leave us in the lurch?
I would not monarchy deſtroy,
But as the only way t' enjoy
The ruin of the church.

Is not the Biſhops' Bill deny'd,
And we ſtill threaten'd to be try'd?
You ſee the King embraces
Thoſe counſels he approv'd before;
Nor doth he promiſe, which is more,
That we ſhall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
(For 't is no ſecret now) the plot
Was Saye's and mine together.
Did I for this return again,
And ſpend a winter there in vain,
Once more t' invite them hither?

Tho' more our money than our cauſe
Their brotherly aſſiſtance draws,
My labour was not loſt.
At my return I brought you thence
Neceſſity, their ſtrong pretence,
And theſe ſhall quit the coſt.

Did I for this my country bring
To help their knight againſt their king,
And raiſe the firſt ſedition?
Tho' I the bus'neſs did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole deſign,
And ſent them their petition.

So many nights ſpent in the City
In that inviſible Commitee,
The wheel that governs all:
From thence the change in church and ſtate,
And all the miſchief, bears the date
From Haberdaſhers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to deſpair,
Upon the King to caſt the war,
To make the world abhor him,
Becauſe the rebels us'd his name?
Tho' we ourſelves can do the ſame,
While both alike were for him.

Then the ſame fire we kindled here
With what was given to quench it there,
And wiſely loſt that nation:
To do as crafty beggars uſe,
To maim themſelves, thereby t' abuſe
The ſimple man's compaſſion.

Have I ſo often paſt between
Windſor and Weſtminſter unſeen,
And did myſelf divide,
To keep his Excellence in awe,
And give the Parliament the law?
For they knew none beſide.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous ignorants to preach,
And did their lungs inſpire;
Gave them their texts, ſhew'd them their parts,
And taught them all their little arts
To fling abroad the fire?

Sometimes to beg, ſometimes to threaten,
And ſay the Cavaliers are beaten,
To ſtroke the people's ears;
Then ſtraight when victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raiſe the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
And now our act, the preacher tells,
To edify the people;
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal use
The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again?
And must we now give o'er,
And only end where we begun?
In vain this mischief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where's the necessity to fight,
That breaks both law and oath?
They'll say they fight not for the cause,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
But us against them both.

Either the cause at first was ill,
Or being good, it is so still;
And thence they will infer
That either now or at the first
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worst,
That we ourselves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go aſunder:
But while the wicked ſtarve, indeed
The ſaints have ready at their need
God's providence and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And gallant villains if we fail.
When to our fame 't is told,
It will not be our leaſt of praiſe,
Since a new ſtate we could not raiſe
To have deſtroy'd the old.

Then let us ſtay, and fight, and vote,
Till London is not worth a groat;
Oh! 't is a patient beaſt!
When we have gall'd and tir'd the mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
We'll have the ſpoil at leaſt.

To the Five Members of the Hon.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE POETS.

After ſo many concurring petitions
From all ages and ſexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to preſent our follies
To Pym, Stroude, Haſlerig, Hampden, and Holles.
Tho' ſet form of prayer be an abomination,
Set forms of petitions find great approbation;
Therefore as others from th' bottom of their ſouls,
So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the bleſs'd form you have taught us,
We thank you firſt for the ills you have brought us:
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the confidence only to crave it.
Next, in courſe, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege; (like the reſt of our nation)
But 't is none of yours of which we have ſpoken,
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
Hangs not on an ordinance or pow'r legiſlative.
And, firſt, 't is to ſpeak whatever we pleaſe,
Without fear of a priſon or purſuivants' fees.
Next, that we only may lie by authority;
But in that alſo you have got the priority.
Next, an old cuſtom, our fathers did name it
Poetical Licenſe, and always did claim it.

By this we have pow'r to change age into youth,
Turn nonſenſe to ſenſe, and falſehood to truth;
In brief, to make good whatſoever is faulty;
This art ſome poet, or the devil, has taught ye:
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both Houſes have made it.
But that truſt above all in poets repoſed,
That kings by them only are made and depoſed:
This tho' you cannot do, yet you are willing;
But when we undertake depoſing or killing,
They're tyrants and monſters; and yet then the poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it.
And when we reſume a ſceptre or crown,
We are modeſt, and ſeek not to make it our own.
But is 't not preſumption to write verſes to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all thoſe pretty knacks you compoſe,
Alas! what are they but poems in proſe?
And between thoſe and ours there 's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the ſenſe.
But for lying (the moſt noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourſelves know it;
And tho' you are modeſt, and ſeem to abhor it,
It has done you good ſervice, and thank Hell for it.
Altho' the old maxim remains ſtill in force,
That a ſanctify'd cauſe muſt have a ſanctify'd courſe,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made;

Nay, even ſo far as undoing will do it,
You have made King Charles himſelf a poet:
But provoke not his Muſe, for all the world knows
Already you have had too much of his proſe.

A WESTERN WONDER.

Do you not know, not a fortnight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Weſtern Wonder?
When a hundred and ten ſlew five thouſand men
With the help of lightning and thunder?

There Hopeton was ſlain again and again,
Or elſe my author did lie;
With a new Thankſgiving for the dead who are living,
To God and his ſervant Chidleigh.

But now on which ſide was this miracle try'd?
I hope we at laſt are even;
For Sir Ralph and his knaves are riſen from their graves
To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was lame
Of the gout three months together;
But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running gout,
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For now he outruns his arms and his guns,
And leaves all his money behind him.
But they follow after: unleſs he takes water,
At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath coſt, and Stamford hath loſt,
Goes deep in the Sequeſtrations;
Theſe wounds will not heal with your new great ſeal,
Nor Jepſon's declarations.

Now Peters and Caſe, in your pray'r and grace,
Remember the new Thankſgiving;
Iſaac and his wife, now dig for your life,
Or ſhortly you'll dig for your living.

A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

You heard of that Wonder, of the lightning and thunder,
Which made the lie ſo much the louder:
Now liſt to another, that miracle's brother,
Which was done with a firkin of powder.

O what a damp it ſtruck thro' the camp!
But as for honeſt Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies without beard or eyes,
But at leaſt three heads and a half.

When out came the book which the newſmonger took
From the preaching lady's letter,
Where, in the firſt place, ſtood the conqueror's face,
Which made it ſhew much the better.

But now, without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Briſtol they ſay you may find him;
Great William the Con. ſo faſt he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the poſt, ſave all that was loſt;
But, alas! we are paſt deceiving
By a trick ſo ſtale, or elſe ſuch a tale
Might amount to a new Thankſgiving.

This made Mr. Caſe with a pitiful face
In the pulpit to fall a-weeping;
Tho' his mouth utter'd lies, truth fell from his eyes,
Which kept the Lord Mayor from ſleeping.

Now ſhut up ſhops, and ſpend your laſt drops
For the laws, not your cauſe, you that loathe 'em,
Leſt Eſſex ſhould ſtart, and play the ſecond part
Of the Worſhipful Sir John Hotham.

A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN SIR JOHN POOLEY AND MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

POOL.

To thee, dear Tom! myſelf addreſſing,
Moſt queremoniouſly confeſſing
That I of late have been compreſſing.

Deſtitute of my wonted gravity,
I perpetrated arts of pravity
In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puiſſance,
For ſome venereal rejouiſſance,
I got (as one may ſay) a nuiſance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, Couſin Pooley,
And in plain Engliſh tell us truly
Why under th' eyes you look ſo bluely?

'Tis not your hard words will avail you;
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you ſpeak plainly what doth ail you.

When young you led a life monaſtic,
And wore a veſt eccleſiaſtic;
Now in your age you grow fantaſtic.

FOOL. Without more preface or formality,
A female of malignant quality
Set fire on label of mortality;

The fæces of which ulceration
Brought o'er the helm a diſtillation
Thro' th' inſtrument of propagation.

KIL. Then, Couſin, (as I gueſs the matter)
You have been an old fornicator,
And now are ſhot 'twixt wind and water.

Your ſtyle has ſuch an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That ev'n your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once ſo economic,
Quitting the thrifty ſtyle laconic,
Turn prodigal in macaronic.

Yet be of comfort, I ſhall ſend-a
Perſon of knowledge, who can mend-a
Diſaſter in your nether end-a—

Whether it pullen be or ſhanker,
Cordee, and crooked like an anchor;
Your cure too coſts you but a ſpanker.

Or tho' your pifs be fharp as razor,
Do but confer with Dr. Frazer,
He 'll make your running nag a pacer.

Nor fhall you need your filver-quick, Sir;
Take Mongo Murrey's black elixir,
And in a week it cures your p—, Sir.

But you that are a man of learning,
So read in Virgil, fo difcerning,
Methinks t'wards fifty fhould take warning.

Once in a pit * you did mifcarry;
That danger might have made one wary:
This pit is deeper than the quarry.

Pool. Give me not fuch difconfolation,
Having now cur'd my inflammation,
To ulcerate my reputation.

Tho' it may gain the ladies' favour,
Yet it may raife an evil favour
Upon all grave and ftaid behav'our.

And I will rub my mater pia,
To find a rhyme to gonorrhea,
And put it in my litania.

* Hunting near Paris he and his horfe fell into a quarry.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

PREFACE.

My early mistress, now my ancient Muse,
That strong Circæan liquor cease t' infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth;
Now stoop, with disinchanted wings, to truth.
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough;
Tell (like a tall old oak) how Learning shoots
To heav'n her branches, and to hell her roots.

When God from earth form'd Adam in the east,
He his own image on the clay imprest.
As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name;
Not from experience, (for the world was new)
He only from their cause their natures knew.
Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence nor th' offence.
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance what he was before;
And tho' th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood arts to Chaldea fell;
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and instructer was:
From thence did learning into Egypt pass.

Mofes in all th' Egyptian arts was fkill'd,
When heav'nly pow'r that chofen veffel fill'd;
And we to his high infpiration owe
That what was done before the flood we know.
From Egypt arts their progrefs made to Greece,
Wrapp'd in the fable of the Golden Fleece.
Mufæus firft, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities:
To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the diftinct faculties of one:
Th' Eternal Caufe in their immortal lines
Was taught, and poets were the firft divines.
God Mofes firft, then David, did infpire,
To compofe anthems for his heav'nly quire:
To th' one the ftyle of Friend he did impart,
On th' other ftamp the likenefs of his heart:
And Mofes, in the old original,
Ev'n God the poet of the world doth call.
Next thofe old Greeks Pythagoras did rife,
Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd Wife.
The divine Plato moral virtue fhows,
Then his difciple Ariftotle rofe,
Who Nature's fecrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great foul our novelifts impeach:
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While fects, like locufts, did deftroy the feeds.
The tree of Knowledge, blafted by difputes,
Produces faplefs leaves inftead of fruits.

Proud Greece all nations else barbarians held,
Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.
Flying from thence *, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,
Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome.
Then wheresoe'er her conqu'ring Eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility, were spread;
And as in this our microcosm the heart
Heat, spirit, motion, gives to ev'ry part,
So Rome's victorious influence did disperse
All her own virtues thro' the universe.
Here some digression I must make, t' accuse
Thee, my forgetful and ungrateful Muse!
Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,
And not to thy great ancestor do right?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those who say the sun hath never shin'd:
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want sight who taught the world to see.
They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's scull the Muses' hive,
And from his brain that Helicon distil
Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.

* Græcia Major.

When great Auguſtus made war's tempeſts ceaſe,
His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace,
He ſtill in his triumphant chariot ſhines,
By Horace drawn and Virgil's mighty lines.
'Twas certainly myſterious that the name
Of prophets and of poets is the ſame *.
What the Tragedian † wrote, the late ſucceſs
Declares was inſpiration and not gueſs:
As dark a truth that author did unfold
As oracles or prophets e'er foretold:
"At laſt the ocean ſhall unlock the bound ||
"Of things, and a new world by Typhis found;
"Then ages far remote ſhall underſtand
"The Iſle of Thule is not the fartheſt land."
Sure God, by theſe diſcov'ries, did deſign
That his clear light thro' all the world ſhould ſhine;
But the obſtruction from that diſcord ſprings
The prince of darkneſs made 'twixt Chriſtian kings:
That peaceful age with happineſs to crown,
From heav'n the Prince of Peace himſelf came down;
Then the true Sun of knowledge firſt appear'd,
And the old dark myſterious clouds were clear'd;
The heavy cauſe of th' old accurſed flood
Sunk in the ſacred deluge of his blood.
His paſſion man from his firſt fall redeem'd;
Once more to Paradiſe reſtor'd we ſeem'd;

* Vates. † Seneca. || The propheſy.

Satan himſelf was bound, till th' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him looſe again.
Still the old ſting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the ſerpent as he tempted man.
Then hell ſends forth her furies, Av'rice, Pride,
Fraud, Diſcord, Force, Hypocriſy their guide:
Tho' the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd.
Tho' the Apoſtles theſe events foretold,
Yet ev'n the ſhepherd did devour the fold:
The fiſher to convert the world began
The pride convincing of vain-glorious man;
But ſoon his followers grew a ſovereign lord,
And Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter's ſword,
Which ſtill maintains for his adopted ſon
Vaſt patrimonies, tho' himſelf had none;
Wreſting the text to the old giant's ſenſe,
That heav'n once more muſt ſuffer violence.
Then ſubtle doctors ſcriptures made their prize;
Caſuiſts, like cocks, ſtruck out each others' eyes:
Then dark diſtinctions reaſon's light diſguis'd,
And into atoms truth anatomiz'd:
Then Mah'met's Creſcent, by our feuds increaſt,
Blaſted the learn'd remainders of the Eaſt.
That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,
Made Mother Ignorance Devotion's dame;
Then he whom Lucifer's own pride did ſwell,
His faithful emiſſary, roſe from hell

To poſſeſs Peter's chair, that Hildebrand
Whoſe foot on mitres, then on crowns, did ſtand;
And before that exalted idol all
(Whom we call gods on earth) did proſtrate fall.
Then darkneſs Europe's face did overſpread,
From lazy cells, where ſuperſtition bred,
Which, link'd with blind obedience, ſo increas'd,
That the whole world ſome ages they oppreſs'd;
Till thro' thoſe clouds the Sun of knowledge brake,
And Europe from her lethargy did wake;
Then firſt our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
That they their churches' nurſing fathers were.
When Lucifer no longer could advance
His works on the falſe ground of ignorance,
New arts he tries, and new deſigns he lays,
Then his well-ſtudy'd maſterpiece he plays;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin, he inſpires,
And kindles with infernal flames their fires;
Sends their forerunner (conſcious of th' event)
Printing, his moſt pernicious inſtrument!
Wild controverſy then, which long had ſlept,
Into the preſs from ruin'd cloiſters leapt.
No longer by implicit faith we err,
Whilſt ev'ry man 's his own interpreter;
No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
Lay-elders from their ends create their god.
But ſev'n wiſe men the ancient world did know,
We ſcarce know ſev'n who think themſelves not ſo.

When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery diſputes that union have calcin'd;
Almoſt as many minds as men we find;
And when that flame finds combuſtible earth,
Thence *fatuus* fires and meteors take their birth;
Legions of ſects and inſects come in throngs;
To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
Such were the Centaurs, of Ixion's race,
Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;
And ſuch the monſters of Chimæra's kind,
Lions before, and dragons were behind.
Then from the claſhes between popes and kings
Debate, like ſparks from flints' colliſion, ſprings.
As Jove's loud thunderbolts were forg'd by heat,
The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat:
All the rich mines of Learning ranſack'd are
To furniſh ammunition for this war:
Uncharitable zeal our reaſon whets,
And double edges on our paſſions ſets.
'Tis the moſt certain ſign the world 's accurſt,
That the beſt things corrupted are the worſt.
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge hurl'd
Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world.
That ſun like this (from which our ſight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, reſumes the light he gave;
And when thick miſts of doubts obſcure his beams,
Our guide is error and our viſions dreams.

'Twas no falſe heraldry when Madneſs drew
Her pedigree from thoſe who too much knew.
Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'ercharg'd, breaks, miſſes, or recoils.
When ſubtle wits have ſpun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile, like Arachne's line.
True piety, without ceſſation toſt
By theories, the practic part is loſt;
And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both ſides the prize will quit;
Then whilſt his foe each gladiator foils,
The Athieſt looking on enjoys the ſpoils.
Thro' ſeas of knowledge we our courſe advance,
Diſcovering ſtill new worlds of ignorance;
And theſe diſcov'ries make us all confeſs
That ſublunary ſcience is but gueſs.
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what ſeems more is mere opinion:
The ſtanders-by ſee clearly this event;
All parties ſay they 're ſure, yet all diſſent.
With their new light our bold inſpectors preſs,
Like Cham, to ſhew their fathers' nakedneſs,
By whoſe example after-ages may
Diſcover we more naked are than they.
All human wiſdom to divine is folly:
This truth the wiſeſt man made melancholy.
Hope, or belief, or gueſs, gives ſome relief,
But to be ſure we are deceiv'd brings grief.

Who thinks his wife is virtuous, tho' not ſo,
Is pleas'd and patient till the truth he know.
Our God, when heav'n and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who ſhould of both participate.
If our lives' motions theirs muſt imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, muſt circulate.
When like a bridegroom from the eaſt the ſun
Sets forth, he thither whence he came doth run.
Into earth's ſpungy veins the ocean ſinks,
Thoſe rivers to repleniſh which he drinks:
So Learning, which from reaſon's fountain ſprings,
Back to the ſource ſome ſecret channel brings.
'Tis happy when our ſtreams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.
"Ut metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit æſtas,
"Sic ortum Natura, dedit Deus his quoque finem."

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

HENRY LORD HASTINGS, 1650.

READER, preſerve thy peace: thoſe buſy eyes
Will weep at their own ſad diſcoveries,
When ev'ry line they add improves thy loſs,
Till having view'd the whole they ſum a croſs,
Such as derides thy paſſions' beſt relief,
And ſcorns the ſuccours of thy eaſy grief:

Yet leſt thy ignorance betray thy name
Of man and pious, read and mourn: the ſhame
Of an exemption from juſt ſenſe doth ſhow
Irrational, beyond exceſs of woe.
Since reaſon, then, can privilege a tear,
Manhood, uncenſur'd, pay that tribute here
Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains
Duſt far more precious than in India's veins:
Within theſe cold embraces, raviſh'd, lies
That which completes the age's tyrannies;
Who weak to ſuch another ill appear,
For what deſtroys our hope ſecures our fear.
What ſin, unexpiated in this land
Of groans, hath guided ſo ſevere a hand?
The late great victim * that your altars knew,
Ye angry gods! might have excus'd this new
Oblation, and have ſpar'd one lofty light
Of virtue, to inform our ſteps aright;
By whoſe example good, condemned, we
Might have run on to kinder deſtiny.
But as the leader of the herd fell firſt
A ſacrifice, to quench the raging thirſt
Of inflam'd vengeance for paſt crimes; ſo none
But this white fatted youngling could atone,
By his untimely fate, that impious ſmoke
That ſullied earth, and did Heav'n's pity choke.
Let it ſuffice for us that we have loſt
In him more than the widow'd world can boaſt

* King Charles the Firſt.

In any lump of her remaining clay.
Fair as the gray-ey'd Morn he was; the day,
Youthful, and climbing upwards ſtill, imparts
No haſte like that of his increaſing parts.
Like the meridian beam, his virtue's light
Was ſeen as full of comfort, and as bright.
Had his noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
That only wanted immortality
To make him perfect, now ſubmits to night,
In the black boſom of whoſe ſable ſpite
He leaves a cloud of fleſh behind, and flies,
Refin'd, all ray and glory, to the ſkies.
Great Saint! ſhine there in an eternal ſphere,
And tell thoſe powers to whom thou now draw'ſt near
That by our trembling ſenſe, in Haſtings dead,
Their anger and our ugly faults are read,
The ſhort lines of whoſe life did to our eyes
Their love and majeſty epitomize:
Tell them, whoſe ſtern decrees impoſe our laws,
The feaſted grave may cloſe her hollow jaws.
Tho' Sin ſearch Nature, to provide her here
A ſecond entertainment half ſo dear,
She 'll never meet a plenty like this hearſe,
Till Time preſent her with the univerſe.

TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,

Being invited from Calais to Bologne to eat a pig.

I.

All on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian ſloven,
Little Admiral John
To Bologne is gone,
Whom I think they call Old Loven.

II.

Hadſt thou not thy fill of carting *,
Will. Aubrey, Count of Oxon,
When noſe lay in breech,
And breech made a ſpeech,
So often cry'd A pox on?

III.

A knight by land and water
Eſteem'd at ſuch a high rate,
When 't is told in Kent
In a cart that he went,
They 'll ſay now, Hang him, pirate.

IV.

Thou might'ſt have ta'en example
From what thou read'ſt in ſtory,
Being as worthy to ſit
On an ambling tit
As thy predeceſſor Dory.

* We three riding in a cart from Dunkirk to Calais with a fat Dutch woman, who broke wind all along.

V.

But, oh! the roof of linen,
Intended for a ſhelter;
But the rain made an aſs
Of tilt and canvaſs,
And the ſnow, which you know is a melter.

VI.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender ſtripling Aſtcot,
Who was ſoak'd to the ſkin
Thro' drugget ſo thin,
Having neither coat nor waiſtcoat.

VII.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
Defy'd cart ſo baſe,
For thief without grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

VIII.

Nor did he like the omen,
For fear it might be his doom
One day for to ſing,
With gullet in ſtring,
A hymn of Robert Wiſdom.

IX.

But what was all this bus'neſs?
For ſure it was important;
For who rides i' th' wet,
When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a ſport on't.

X.

To a goodly fat ſow's baby,
O John! thou hadſt a malice;
The old driver of ſwine
That day ſure was thine,
Or thou hadſt not quitted Calais.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF

PASTOR FIDO.

Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but ſuch as cannot write tranſlate:
But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modeſty or choice.
While this great piece, reſtor'd by thee, doth ſtand
Free from the blemiſh of an artleſs hand,
Secure of fame, thou juſtly doſt eſteem
Leſs honour to create than to redeem.
Nor ought a genius leſs than his that writ
Attempt tranſlation; for tranſplanted wit
All the defects of air and ſoil doth ſhare,
And colder brains like colder climates are:
In vain they toil, ſince nothing can beget
A vital ſpirit but a vital heat.
That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline
Of tracing word by word and line by line:
Thoſe are the labour'd births of ſlaviſh brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;

Cheap vulgar arts, whofe narrownefs affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly fticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou doft purfue
To make tranflations and tranflators too.
They but preferve the afhes, thou the flame,
True to his fenfe, but truer to his fame:
Fording his current, where thou find'ft it low
Lett'ft in thine own to make it rife and flow,
Wifely reftoring whatfoever grace
It loft by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'ft his mufic to unhappy rhymes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted ftrength
Stretch'd and diffolv'd into unfinew'd length:
Yet, after all, (left we fhould think it thine)
Thy fpirit to his circle doft confine.
New names, new dreffings, and the modern caft,
Some fcenes, fome perfons alter'd, and outfac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was lefs their own.
That mafter's hand which, to the life, can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder ftroke exprefs
A vary'd pofture or a flatt'ring drefs:
He could have made thofe like who made the reft,
But that he knew his own defign was beft.

TO

THE HON. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON THE BRITISH PRINCES.

WHAT mighty gale hath rais'd a flight ſo ſtrong?
So high above all vulgar eyes? ſo long?
One ſingle rapture ſcarce itſelf confines
Within the limits of four thouſand lines:
And yet I hope to ſee this noble heat
Continue till it makes the piece complete,
That to the latter age it may deſcend,
And to the end of time its beams extend.
When poeſy joins profit with delight,
Her images ſhould be moſt exquiſite,
Since man to that perfection cannot riſe,
Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wiſe;
Therefore the patterns man ſhould imitate
Above the life our maſters ſhould create.
Herein if we conſult with Greece and Rome,
Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;
Tho' mighty raptures we in Homer find,
Yet, like himſelf, his characters were blind:
Virgil's ſublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
But his ſublimed thoughts to heav'n were rais'd.
Who reads the honours which he paid the gods
Would think he had beheld their bleſs'd abodes;
And that his hero might accompliſh'd be,
From divine blood he draws his pedigree.

From that great judge your judgment takes its law,
And by the beſt original does draw
Bonduca's honour, with thoſe heroes time
Had in oblivion wrapt his ſaucy crime:
To them and to your nation you are juſt,
In raiſing up their glories from the duſt;
And to Old England you that right have done,
To ſhew no ſtory nobler than her own.

SONGS.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER:

Or, A proper New Ballad of certain carnal paſſages betwixt a Quaker and a Colt, at Horſley, near Colcheſter, in Eſſex.

To the tune of "Tom of Bedlam."

I.

All in the land of Eſſex,
Near Colcheſter the zealous,
On the ſide of a bank
Was play'd ſuch a prank
As would make a ſtone-horſe jealous.

II.

Help Woodcock, Fox, and Naylor,
For Brother Green 's a ſtallion:
Now, alas! what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian?

III.

Even to our whole profeſſion
A ſcandal 't will be counted,
When 't is talk'd with diſdain
Amongſt the profane
How Brother Green was mounted.

IV.

And in the good time of Chriſtmas,
Which tho' our ſaints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd Cavalier
Ever play'd ſuch a Chriſtmas gambol?

V.

Had thy fleſh, O Green! been pamper'd
With any catés unhallow'd,
Hadſt thou ſweeten'd thy gums
With pottage of plums,
Or profane minc'd pye hadſt ſwallow'd;

VI.

Roll'd up in wanton ſwine's fleſh
The fiend might have crept into thee;
Then fulneſs of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the devil have ſo rid thro' thee.

VII.

But, alas! he had been feaſted
With a ſpiritual collation
By our frugal Mayor,
Who can dine on a prayer,
And ſup on an exhortation.

VIII.

'Twas mere impulſe of ſpirit,
Tho' he us'd the weapon carnal:

" Filly Foal," quoth he,
" My bride thou ſhalt be;
" And how this is lawful learn all:

IX.

" For if no reſpect of perſons
" Be due 'mongſt ſons of Adam,
" In a large extent
" Thereby may be meant
" That a mare 's as good as a madam."

X.

Then without more ceremony,
Not bonnet vail'd, nor kiſs'd her,
But took her by force,
For better for worſe,
And us'd her like a ſiſter.

XI.

Now when in ſuch a ſaddle
A ſaint will needs be riding,
Tho' we dare not ſay
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be ſome backſliding?

XII.

" No, ſurely," quoth James Naylor,
" 'Twas but an inſurrection
" Of the carnal part,
" For a Quaker in heart
" Can never loſe perfection.

XIII.

"For (as our mafters* teach us)
"The intent being well directed,
"Tho' the devil trepan
"'The Adamical man,
"The faint ftands uninfected."

XIV.

But, alas! a Pagan jury
Ne'er judges what's intended;
Then fay what we can
Brother Green's outward man
I fear will be fufpended.

XV.

And our adopted fifter
Will find no better quarter:
But when him we enroll
For a faint, Filly Foal
Shall pafs herfelf for a martyr.

XVI.

Rome, that fpiritual Sodom,
No longer is thy debtor,
O Colchefter! now
Who's Sodom but thou,
Even according to the letter?

* The Jefuits.

A SONG.

I.

Morpheus! the humble god that dwells
In cottages and ſmoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,
And tho' he fears no prince's frown
Flies from the circle of a crown:

II.

Come, I ſay, thou pow'rful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples ſhake,
Leſt he ſhould ſleep, and never wake.

III.

Nature, (alas!) why art thou ſo
Obliged to thy greateſt foe?
Sleep that is thy beſt repaſt,
Yet of death it bears a taſte,
And both are the ſame thing at laſt.

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

PREFACE

TO THE

DESTRUCTION OF TROY, &c.

There are ſo few tranſlations which deſerve praiſe, that I ſcarce ever ſaw any which deſerved pardon; thoſe who travel in that kind being for the moſt part ſo unhappy as to rob others without enriching themſelves, pulling down the fame of good authors without raiſing their own: neither hath any author been more hardly dealt withal than this our maſter; and the reaſon is evident, for, what is moſt excellent is moſt inimitable; and if even the worſt authors are yet made worſe by their tranſlators, how impoſſible is it not to do great injury to the beſt? And therefore I have not the vanity to think my copy equal to the original, nor (conſequently) myſelf altogether guiltleſs of what I accuſe others; but if I can do Virgil leſs injury than others have done, it will be in ſome degree to do him right; and, indeed, the hope of doing him more right

is the only ſcope of this eſſay, by opening a new way of tranſlating this author to thoſe whom youth, leiſure, and better fortune, make fitter for ſuch undertakings.

I conceive it is a vulgar error in tranſlating poets, to affect being *fidus interpres;* let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith: but whoſoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, ſo he ſhall never perform what he attempts; for it is not his buſineſs alone to tranſlate language into language, but poeſy into poeſy; and poeſy is of ſo ſubtile a ſpirit, that in the pouring out of one language into another it will all evaporate; and if a new ſpirit be not added in the transfuſion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happineſſes peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words; and whoſoever offers at verbal tranſlation ſhall have the misfortune of that young traveller who loſt his own language abroad, and brought home no other inſtead of it: for the grace of the Latin will be loſt by being turned into Engliſh words, and the grace of the Engliſh by being turned into the Latin phraſe. And as ſpeech is the apparel of our thoughts, ſo are there certain garbs and modes of ſpeaking which vary with the times, the faſhion of our

clothes being not more ſubject to alteration than that of our ſpeech: and this I think Tacitus meant by that which he calls *ſermonem temporis iſtius auribus accommodatum;* the delight of change being as due to the curioſity of the ear as of the eye; and therefore if Virgil muſt needs ſpeak Engliſh, it were fit he ſhould ſpeak not only as a man of this nation, but as a man of this age; and if this diſguiſe I have put upon him (I wiſh I could give it a better name) fit not naturally and eaſily on ſo grave a perſon, yet it may become him better than that fool's coat wherein the French and Italians have of late preſented him; at leaſt, I hope it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormouſly bigger or leſs than the life; (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow nature, in all his proportions) neither have I any where offered ſuch violence to his ſenſe as to make it ſeem mine and not his. Where my expreſſions are not ſo full as his, either our language or my art was defective; (but I rather ſuſpect myſelf) but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impreſſions which the often reading of him hath left upon my thoughts; ſo that if they are not his own conceptions, they are at leaſt the reſults of them; and if (being conſcious of making him ſpeak worſe than he did almoſt in every line) I err in en-

deavouring ſometimes to make him ſpeak better, I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and ſuch an one as may deſerve pardon, if not imitation.

THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

AN ESSAY ON THE

SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

The Argument.

THE firſt book ſpeaks of Æneas' voyage by ſea, and how, being caſt by tempeſt upon the coaſt of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feaſt, deſires him to make the relation of the deſtruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this book.

WHILE all with ſilence and attention wait,
Thus ſpeaks Æneas from the bed of ſtate.
Madam, when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all thoſe ſorrows to my ſenſe reſtore,
Whereof none ſaw ſo much, none ſuffer'd more.
Not the moſt cruel of our conqu'ring foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
Repreſs the horror of my thoughts, which fly
The ſad remembrance? Now th' expiring night
And the declining ſtars to reſt invite;
Yet ſince 't is your command, what you ſo well
Are pleas'd to hear I cannot grieve to tell.

By Fate repell'd, and with repulſes tir'd,
The Greeks, ſo many lives and years expir'd,
A fabric like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return : this Fame
Divulges; then within the beaſt's vaſt womb
The choice and flower of all their troops entomb.
In view the iſle of Tenedos, once high
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie;
(Now but an unſecure and open bay)
Thither, by ſtealth, the Greeks their fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ ſail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd;
All thro' th' unguarded gates with joy reſort
To ſee the ſlighted camp, the vacant port.
Here lay Ulyſſes, there Achilles; here
The battles join'd; the Grecian fleet rode there;
But the vaſt pile th' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reaſon in their wonder loſe.
And firſt Thymœtes moves (urg'd by the power
Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower;
But Capys and the graver ſort thought fit
The Greeks' ſuſpected preſent to commit
To ſeas or flames, at leaſt to ſearch and bore
The ſides, and what that ſpace contains t' explore.
The uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
Divided ſtands, till from the tower, enrag'd
Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, What deſp'rate frenzy 's this, (oh, friends!)

To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a defign; their gift's but a deceit:
For our deftruction 't was contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force. Yet know ye not Ulyffes' fhifts?
Their fwords lefs danger carry than their gifts.
(This faid) againft the horfe's fide his fpear
He throws, which trembles with inclofed fear,
Whilft from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans not his own; and had not Fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had ftood.
Mean-while a fetter'd pris'ner to the king
With joyful fhouts the Dardan fhepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himfelf betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event fecur'd,
Or of his death or his defign affur'd.
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the reft.
Difarm'd, diforder'd, cafting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
"What land, what fea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incenfed Troy a wretched captive feeks
To facrifice; a fugitive the Greeks."

To pity this complaint our former rage
Converts; we now inquire his parentage;
What of their counfels or affairs he knew?
Then fearlefs he replies, "Great King! to you
All truth I fhall relate: nor firft can I
Myfelf to be of Grecian birth deny;
And tho' my outward ftate misfortune hath
Deprefs'd thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks purfue,
Accus'd unjuftly, then unjuftly flew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
And me to his commands did recommend,
While laws and councils did his throne fupport;
I but a youth, yet fome efteem and port
We then did bear, till by Ulyffes' craft
(Things known I fpeak) he was of life bereft:
Since in dark forrow I my days did fpend,
Till now, difdaining his unworthy end,
I could not filence my complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wifh'd return to Greece: from hence his hate,
From thence my crimes, and all my ills, bear date:
Old guilt frefh malice gives; the people's ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the prophet to his party drew.
But why do I thefe thanklefs truths purfue,

Or why defer your rage? on me for all
The Greeks let your revenging fury fall.
Ulyſſes this, th' Atridæ this deſire
At any rate." We ſtraight are ſet on fire
(Unpractis'd in ſuch myſteries) to inquire
The manner and the cauſe, which thus he told,
With geſtures humble, as his tale was bold.
" Oft have the Greeks (the ſiege deteſting) tir'd
With tedious war, a ſtol'n retreat deſir'd,
And would to Heav'n they 'ad gone; but ſtill diſmay'd
By ſeas or ſkies, unwillingly they ſtay'd.
Chiefly when this ſtupendous pile was rais'd
Strange noiſes fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
Diſpatch Eurypylus t' inquire our fates,
Who thus the ſentence of the gods relates;
" A virgin's ſlaughter did the ſtorm appeaſe,
" When firſt t'wards Troy the Grecians took the ſeas;
" Their ſafe retreat another Grecian's blood
" Muſt purchaſe." All at this confounded ſtood;
Each thinks himſelf the man, the fear on all
Of what the miſchief but on one can fall:
Then Calchas (by Ulyſſes firſt inſpir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd;
Yet was I warn'd, (for many were as well
Inſpir'd as he) and did my fate foretell.
Ten days the prophet in ſuſpenſe remain'd,
Would no man's fate pronounce; at laſt conſtrain'd

By Ithacus, he ſolemnly deſign'd
Me for the ſacrifice: the people join'd
In glad conſent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate. The day drew near,
The ſacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths; then I confeſs I found
The means to my eſcape: my bonds I brake,
Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
Amongſt the ſedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their ſails had hoiſt, (if ſo they did.)
And now, alas! no hope remains for me
My home, my father, and my ſons, to ſee,
Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
And puniſh, for my guilt, their innocence.
Thoſe gods who know the truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men, by theſe I beg; redreſs
My cauſeleſs wrongs, and pity ſuch diſtreſs."
And now true pity in exchange he finds
For his falſe tears, his tongue his hands unbinds.
Then ſpake the king, "Be ours, whoe'er thou art;
Forget the Greeks. But firſt the truth impart,
Why did they raiſe, or to what uſe intend,
This pile? to a warlike or religious end?"
Skilful in fraud (his native art) his hands
T'ward heav'n he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.
"Ye pure ethereal flames! ye pow'rs ador'd
By mortal men! ye altars, and the ſword

I 'ſcap'd! ye ſacred fillets that involv'd
My deſtin'd head! grant I may ſtand abſolv'd
From all their laws and rites renounce all name
Of faith or love, their ſecret thoughts proclaim,
Only, O Troy! preſerve thy faith to me,
If what I ſhall relate preſerveth thee.
From Pallas' favour all our hopes, and all
Counſels and actions, took original,
Till Diomed (for ſuch attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with Ulyſſes' wit)
Aſſails the ſacred tower; the guards they ſlay,
Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
The fatal image: ſtraight with our ſucceſs
Our hopes fell back, whilſt prodigies expreſs
Her juſt diſdain; her flaming eyes did throw
Flaſhes of lightning; from each part did flow
A briny ſweat; thrice brandiſhing her ſpear,
Her ſtatue from the ground itſelf did rear:
Then that we ſhould our ſacrilege reſtore,
And reconvey their gods from Argos' ſhore,
Calchas perſuades till then we urge in vain
The fate of Troy. To meaſure back the main
They all conſent, but to return again
When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.
Thus Calchas; then inſtead of that, this pile
To Pallas was deſign'd, to reconcile
Th' offended pow'r, and expiate our guilt;
To this vaſt height and monſtrous ſtature built

Leſt, thro' your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her defence to you.
But if this ſacred gift you diſeſteem,
Then cruel plagues (which Heav'n divert on them!)
Shall fall on Priam's ſtate: but if the horſe
Your walls aſcend, aſſiſted by your force,
A league 'gainſt Greece all Aſia ſhall contract,
Our ſons then ſuff'ring what their ſires would act."
Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
A feigned tear deſtroys us, againſt whom
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years' conflict, nor a thouſand ſail.
This ſeconded by a moſt ſad portent,
Which credit to the firſt impoſture lent,
Laocoon, Neptune's prieſt, upon the day
Devoted to that god a bull did ſlay;
When two prodigious ſerpents were deſcry'd,
Whoſe circling ſtrokes the ſea's ſmooth face divide:
Above the deep they raiſe their ſcaly creſts,
And ſtem the flood with their erected breaſts;
Their winding tails advance and ſteer their courſe,
And 'gainſt the ſhore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandiſh'd tongues there came
A direful hiſs, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoon they purſue, and firſt entwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender ſons;
Then him, who armed to their reſcue runs,

They ſeiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,
His neck twice compaſſing and twice his waiſt:
Their pois'nous knots he ſtrives to break and tear,
While ſlime and blood his ſacred wreaths beſmear;
Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull
From th' altar flies, and from his wounded ſcull
Shakes the huge axe. The conqu'ring ſerpents fly
To cruel Pallas' altar, and there lie
Under her feet, within her ſhield's extent.
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was ſent
Juſtly on him who ſtruck the ſacred oak
With his accurſed lance. Then to invoke
The goddeſs, and let in the fatal horſe,
We all conſent.
 A ſpacious breach we make, and Troy's proud wall,
Built by the gods, by our own hands doth fall.
Thus all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and ſome the monſter drive
With rolls and levers: thus our works it climbs,
Big with our fate; the youth with ſongs and rhymes,
Some dance, ſome haul the rope; at laſt let down,
It enters with a thund'ring noiſe the town.
Oh, Troy! the ſeat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it ſtuck, as oft the claſhing ſound
Of arms was heard; yet, blinded by the power
Of Fate, we place it in the ſacred tower.
Caſſandra then foretells th' event, but ſhe
Finds no belief (ſuch was the gods' decree.)

The altars with fresh flow'rs we crown, and waste
In feasts that day, which was (alas!) our last.
Now by the revolution of the skies
Night's sable shadows from the ocean rise,
Which heav'n and earth, and the Greek frauds involv'd,
The city in secure repose dissolv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive squadron steers
Their silent course to Ilium's well-known shore,
When Sinon (sav'd by the gods' partial power)
Opens the horse, and thro' the unlock'd doors
To the free air the armed freight restores.
Ulysses, Stheneleus, Tisander, slide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;
Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was:
The gates they seize; the guards, with sleep and wine
Oppress'd, surprise, and then their forces join.
'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair
Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care,
(The gods' best gift) when, bath'd in tears and blood,
Before my face lamenting Hector stood,
His aspect such when, soil'd with bloody dust,
Dragg'd by the cords which thro' his feet were thrust
By his insulting foe: O how transform'd!
How much unlike that Hector who return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils! when he among
A thousand ships (like Jove) his lightning flung!

His horrid beard and knotted treſſes ſtood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood.
Entranc'd I lay, then (weeping) ſaid, The joy,
The hope and ſtay of thy declining Troy!
What region held thee? whence, ſo much deſir'd,
Art thou reſtor'd to us, conſum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths? But what ſad cauſe confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear thoſe wounds?
Regardleſs of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
" Fly from the flame, O goddeſs-born! our walls
" The Greeks poſſeſs, and Troy confounded falls
" From all her glories: if it might have ſtood
" By any pow'r, by this right hand it ſhould.
" What man could do by me for Troy was done.
" Take here her relicks and her gods, to run
" With them thy fate; with them new walls expect,
" Which, toſs'd on ſeas, thou ſhalt at laſt erect:"
Then brings old Veſta from her ſacred quire,
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire.
Mean-while the walls with doubtful cries reſound
From far; (for ſhady coverts did ſurround
My father's houſe) approaching ſtill more near,
The claſh of arms and voice of men we hear.
Rous'd from my bed, I ſpeedily aſcend
The houſes' tops, and liſt'ning there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds' conſpiring force
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents' raging courſe

Bears down th' oppoſing oaks, the fields deſtroys,
And mocks the ploughman's toil, th' unlook'd-for noiſe,
From neighb'ring hills th' amazed ſhepherd hears;
Such my ſurpriſe, and ſuch their rage appears.
Firſt fell thy houſe, Ucalegon! then thine
Deïphobus! Sigæan ſeas did ſhine
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets' dreadful ſound
The louder groans of dying men confound.
Give me my arms, I cry'd, reſolv'd to throw
Myſelf 'mong any that oppos'd the foe:
Rage, anger, and deſpair, at once ſuggeſt,
That of all deaths to die in arms was beſt.
The firſt I met was Pantheus, Phœbus' prieſt,
Who, 'ſcaping with his gods and relicks, fled,
And t'wards the ſhore his little grandchild led.
Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what place
Made good? but, ſighing, he replies, "Alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;
But the laſt period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come: our glory and our power
Incenſed Jove transfers to Grecian hands:
The foe within the burning town commands,
And (like a ſmother'd fire) an unſeen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horſe:
Inſulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thouſands more than e'er from Argos came

Poſſeſs the gates, the paſſes, and the ſtreets,
And theſe the ſword o'ertakes, and thoſe it meets.
The guard nor fights nor flies; their fate ſo near,
At once ſuſpends their courage and their fear."
Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
Inſpir'd, I make my way thro' fire, thro' ſwords,
Where noiſes, tumults, outcries, and alarms,
I heard. Firſt Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
We meet, who knew us; (for the moon did ſhine)
Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
Their force, and young Chorœbus, Mygdon's ſon,
Who by the love of fair Caſſandra won,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid;
Unhappy, whom the threats could not diſſuade
Of his prophetic ſpouſe;
Whom when I ſaw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I ſaid, Brave ſpirits! (but in vain)
Are you reſolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes? The ſtate of our affairs
You ſee: the gods have left us, by whoſe aid
Our empire ſtood; nor can the flame be ſtay'd:
Then let us fall amidſt our foes. This one
Relief the vanquiſh'd have, to hope for none.
Then reinforc'd, as in a ſtormy night
Wolves, urged by their raging appetite,
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n ſo among

Foes, fire, and ſwords, t' aſſured death we paſs;
Darkneſs our guide, Deſpair our leader was.
Who can relate that ev'ning's woes and ſpoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils?
The city, which ſo long had flouriſh'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the houſes, temples, walls.
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom;
Their hearts at laſt the vanquiſh'd re-aſſume,
And now the victors fall: on all ſides fears,
Groans, and pale Death, in all her ſhapes appears.
Androgeus firſt with his whole troop was caſt
Upon us, with civility miſplac'd,
Thus greeting us; " You loſe, by your delay,
" Your ſhare both of the honour and the prey;
" Others the ſpoils of burning Troy convey
" Back to thoſe ſhips which you but now forſake."
We making no return, his ſad miſtake
Too late he finds: as when an unſeen ſnake
A traveller's unwary foot hath preſt,
Who trembling ſtarts, when the ſnake's azure creſt,
Swoln with his riſing anger, he eſpies,
So from our view ſurpris'd Androgeus flies:
But here an eaſy victory we meet;
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.
Whilſt fortune our firſt enterpriſe did aid,
Encourag'd with ſucceſs, Chorœbus ſaid,
" O friends! we now by better Fates are led,
" And the fair path they lead us let us tread.

"Firſt change your arms, and their diſtinctions bear;
"The ſame in foes deceit and virtue are."
Then of his arms Androgeus he diveſts,
His ſword, his ſhield, he takes, and plumed creſts;
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the reſt, all glad
Of the occaſion, in freſh ſpoils are clad.
Thus mix'd with Greeks, as if their fortune ſtill
Follow'd their ſwords, we fight, purſue, and kill.
Some re-aſcend the horſe, and he whoſe ſides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their ſafer guard, their ſhips, retire;
But vain 's that hope 'gainſt which the gods conſpire.
Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Caſſandra, from Minerva's fatal ſhrine
Dragg'd by the hair, caſting t'wards heav'n, in vain,
Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did ſtrain:
Chorœbus at the ſpectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidſt the foes: we thus engag'd
To ſecond him, among the thickeſt ran:
Here firſt our ruin from our friends began,
Who from the temple's battlements a ſhower
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour:
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Caſſandra's reſcue) us for Trojans ſlew.
Then from all parts Ulyſſes, Ajax then,
And then th' Atridæ, rally all their men;
As winds that meet from ſev'ral coaſts conteſt,
Their priſons being broke, the ſouth and weſt,

And Eurus on his winged courſers borne,
Triumphing in their ſpeed, the woods are torn,
And chaſing Nereus with his trident throws
The billows from their bottom: then all thoſe
Who in the dark our fury did eſcape
Returning, know our borrow'd arms and ſhape,
And diff'ring dialect: then their numbers ſwell
And grow upon us. Firſt Chorœbus fell
Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed
Juſt Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends: nor thee, Pantheus! thy piety
Nor conſecrated mitre from the ſame
Ill fate could ſave. My country's fun'ral flame,
And Troy's cold aſhes, I atteſt and call
To witneſs for myſelf, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did and deſerv'd no leſs my fate to find.
Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias,
Slowly retire; the one retarded was
By feeble age, the other by a wound.
To court the cry directs us, where we found
Th' aſſault ſo hot, as if 't were only there,
And all the reſt ſecure from foes or fear:
The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets caſt
Over their heads; ſome ſcaling ladders plac'd

Againſt the walls, the reſt the ſteps aſcend,
And with their ſhields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold faſt
The battlement: on them the Trojans caſt
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; ſuch arms as theſe,
Now hopeleſs, for their laſt defence they ſeize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient ſtate,
They tumble down; and now againſt the gate
Of th' inner court their growing force they bring:
Now was our laſt effort to ſave the king,
Relieve the fainting, and ſucceed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not obſerv'd;
(The way for Hector's hapleſs wife reſerv'd,
When to the aged king her little ſon
She would preſent) thro' this we paſs, and run
Up to the higheſt battlement, from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
A tow'r ſo high, it ſeem'd to reach the ſky,
Stood on the roof, from whence we could deſcry
All Ilium—both the camps, the Grecian fleet:
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We looſen; which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads, as ſudden and as loud;
But others ſtill ſucceed. Mean-time nor ſtones
Nor any kind of weapons ceaſe.
Before the gate in gilded armour ſhone
Young Pyrrhus, like a ſnake, his ſkin new grown,

Who, fed on pois'nous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Freſh in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rolls up his back, and brandiſhes his tongue,
And lifts his ſcaly breaſt againſt the ſun;
With him his father's ſquire Automedon,
And Peripas, who drove his winged ſteeds,
Enter the court; whom all the youth ſucceeds
Of Scyros' iſle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof: Pyrrhus himſelf among
The foremoſt with an axe an entrance hews
Thro' beams of ſolid oak, then freely views
The chambers, galleries, and rooms of ſtate,
Where Priam and the ancient monarchs ſat.
At the firſt gate an armed guard appears,
But th' inner court with horror, noiſe, and tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the women's ſhrieks and cries
The arched vaults re-echo to the ſkies;
Sad matrons wand'ring thro' the ſpacious rooms,
Embrace and kiſs the poſts: then Pyrrhus comes;
Full of his father, neither men nor walls
His force ſuſtain; the torn portcullis falls;
Then from the hinge their ſtrokes the gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot find they force.
Not with ſuch rage a ſwelling torrent flows,
Above his banks th' oppoſing dams o'erthrows,
Depopulates the fields, the cattle, ſheep,
Shepherds, and folds, the foaming ſurges ſweep.

And now between two ſad extremes I ſtood,
Here Pyrrhus and th' Atridæ drunk with blood,
There th' hapleſs queen amongſt an hundred dames,
And Priam quenching from his wounds thoſe flames
Which his own hands had on the altar laid:
Then they the ſecret cabinets invade
Where ſtood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
Of that great race: the golden poſts, whoſe tops
Old hoſtile ſpoils adorn'd, demoliſh'd lay,
Or to the foe or to the fire a prey.
Now Priam's fate perhaps you may inquire.
Seeing his empire loſt, his Troy on fire,
And his own palace by the Greeks poſſeſt,
Arms long diſus'd his trembling limbs inveſt;
Thus on his foes he throws himſelf alone,
Not for their fate, but to provoke his own.
There ſtood an altar open to the view
Of heav'n, near which an aged laurel grew,
Whoſe ſhady arms the houſehold gods embrac'd,
Before whoſe feet the queen herſelf had caſt
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As doves whom an approaching tempeſt drives,
And frights into one flock; but having ſpy'd
Old Priam clad in youthful arms, ſhe cry'd,
"Alas! my wretched huſband! what pretence
"To bear thoſe arms? and in them what defence?
"Such aid ſuch times require not, when again
"If Hector were alive he liv'd in vain:

“ Or here we ſhall a ſanctuary find,
“ Or as in life we ſhall in death be join'd.”
Then, weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
And on the ſecret ſeat the king ſhe plac'd.
Mean-while Polites, one of Priam's ſons,
Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
Thro' foes and ſwords, and ranges all the court
And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
Pyrrhus purſues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his laſt blood in Priam's preſence ſpills.
The king (tho' him ſo many deaths incloſe)
Nor fear nor grief, but indignation, ſhows:
“ The gods requite thee, (if within the care
“ Of thoſe above th' affairs of mortals are)
“ Whoſe fury on the ſon but loſt had been,
“ Had not his parents' eyes his murder ſeen.
“ Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'ſt to be
“ Thy father) ſo inhuman was to me;
“ He bluſh'd when I the rights of arms implor'd,
“ To me my Hector, me to Troy, reſtor'd.”
This ſaid, his feeble arm a jav'lin flung,
Which on the ſounding ſhield, ſcarce ent'ring, rung.
Then Pyrrhus; “ Go a meſſenger to hell
“ Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
“ The acts of his degen'rate race.” So thro'
His ſon's warm blood the trembling king he drew
To th' altar: in his hair one hand he wreaths,
His ſword the other in his boſom ſheaths.

Thus fell the king, who yet ſurviv'd the ſtate,
With ſuch a ſignal and peculiar fate,
Under ſo vaſt a ruin, not a grave,
Nor in ſuch flames a fun'ral fire to have.
He whom ſuch titles ſwell'd, ſuch pow'r made proud,
To whom the ſceptres of all Aſia bow'd,
On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
A headleſs carcaſs, and a nameleſs thing!

THE

PASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

Having at large declar'd Jove's embaſſy,
Cyllenius from Æneas ſtraight doth fly;
He, loath to diſobey the god's command,
Nor willing to forſake this pleaſant land,
Aſham'd the kind Eliza to deceive,
But more afraid to take a ſolemn leave,
He many ways his lab'ring thoughts revolves,
But fear o'ercoming ſhame, at laſt reſolves
(Inſtructed by the god of Thieves*) to ſteal
Himſelf away, and his eſcape conceal.
He calls his captains, bids them rig the fleet,
That at the port they privately ſhould meet,
And ſome diſſembled colour to project,
That Dido ſhould not their deſign ſuſpect:

* Mercury.

But all in vain he did his plot diſguiſe;
No art a watchful lover can ſurpriſe.
She the firſt motion finds: love tho' moſt ſure,
Yet always to itſelf ſeems unſecure.
That wicked fame which their firſt love proclaim'd
Foretells the end: the queen, with rage inflam'd,
Thus greets him. "Thou diſſembler! wouldſt thou fly
"Out of my arms by ſtealth perfidiouſly?
"Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,
"Nor thee the fate of dying Dido, move?
"And in the depth of winter, in the night,
"Dark as thy black deſigns, to take thy flight,
"To plough the raging ſeas to coaſts unknown,
"The kingdom thou pretend'ſt to not thine own!
"Were Troy reſtor'd, thou ſhouldſt miſtruſt a wind
"Falſe as thy vows, and as thy heart unkind.
"Fly'ſt thou from me? By theſe dear drops of brine
"I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
"By our eſpouſals, by our marriage-bed,
"If all my kindneſs aught have merited;
"If ever I ſtood fair in thy eſteem,
"From ruin me and my loſt houſe redeem.
"Cannot my pray'rs a free acceptance find?
"Nor my tears ſoften an obdurate mind?
"My fame of chaſtity, by which the ſkies
"I reach'd before, by thee extinguiſh'd dies.
"Into my borders now Iarbas falls,
"And my revengeful brother ſcales my walls;

" The wild Numidians will advantage take;
" For thee both Tyre and Carthage me forſake.
" Hadſt thou before thy flight but left with me
" A young Æneas, who, reſembling thee,
" Might in my ſight have ſported, I had then
" Not wholly loſt, nor quite deſerted been;
" By thee, no more my huſband, but my gueſt,
" Betray'd to miſchiefs, of which death 's the leaſt."
With fixed looks he ſtands, and in his breaſt,
By Jove's command, his ſtruggling care ſuppreſt.
" Great Queen! your favours and deſerts ſo great,
" Tho' numberleſs, I never ſhall forget;
" No time, until myſelf I have forgot,
" Out of my heart Eliza's name ſhall blot:
" But my unwilling flight the gods enforce,
" And that muſt juſtify our ſad divorce.
" Since I muſt you forſake, would Fate permit
" To my deſires I might my fortune fit,
" Troy to her ancient ſplendour I would raiſe,
" And where I firſt began would end my days.
" But ſince the Lycian Lots and Delphic god
" Have deſtin'd Italy for our abode;
" Since you proud Carthage (fled from Tyre) enjoy,
" Why ſhould not Latium us receive from Troy?
" As for my ſon, my father's angry ghoſt
" Tells me his hopes by my delays are croſt,
" And mighty Jove's ambaſſador appear'd
" With the ſame meſſage, whom I ſaw and heard;

" We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
" But much the more when all complaints are vain:
" I call to witneſs all the gods, and thy
" Beloved head, the coaſt of Italy
" Againſt my will I ſeek."
Whilſt thus he ſpeaks ſhe rolls her ſparkling eyes,
Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies:
" Thy mother was no goddeſs, nor thy ſtock
" From Dardanus, but in ſome horrid rock,
" Perfidious wretch! rough Caucaſus thee bred,
" And with their milk Hyrcanian tigers fed.
" Diſſimulation I ſhall now forget,
" And my reſerves of rage in order ſet,
" Could all my pray'rs and ſoft entreaties force
" Sighs from his breaſt, or from his look remorſe.
" Where ſhall I firſt complain? can mighty Jove
" Or Juno ſuch impieties approve?
" The juſt Aſtræa ſure is fled to hell,
" Nor more in earth nor heav'n itſelf will dwell.
" Oh, Faith! him on my coaſts by tempeſt caſt,
" Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd:
" His men from famine and his fleet from fire
" I reſcu'd: now the Lycian Lots conſpire
" With Phœbus; now Jove's envoy thro' the air
" Brings diſmal tidings, as if ſuch low care
" Could reach their thoughts, or their repoſe diſturb!
" Thou art a falſe impoſtor and a *fourbe*.
" Go, go, purſue thy kingdom thro' the main,
" I hope, if Heav'n her juſtice ſtill retain,

"Thou ſhalt be wreck'd, or caſt upon ſome rock,
"Where thou the name of Dido ſhalt invoke:
"I'll follow thee in fun'ral flames: when dead
"My ghoſt ſhall thee attend at board and bed:
"And when the gods on thee their vengeance ſhow,
"That welcome news ſhall comfort me below."
This ſaying, from his hated ſight ſhe fled,
Conducted by her damſels to her bed:
Yet reſtleſs ſhe aroſe, and looking out,
Beholds the fleet, and hears the ſeamen ſhout
When great Æneas paſs'd before the guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah! cruel Love! to what doſt thou enforce
Poor mortal breaſts! Again ſhe hath recourſe
To tears and pray'rs, again ſhe feels the ſmart
Of a freſh wound from his tyrannic dart.
That ſhe no ways nor means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her ſiſter ſhe herſelf apply'd:
"Dear ſiſter! my reſentment had not been
"So moving, if this fate I had foreſeen;
"Therefore to me this laſt kind office do;
"Thou haſt ſome int'reſt in our ſcornful foe;
"He truſts to thee the counſels of his mind,
"Thou his ſoft hours and free acceſs canſt find:
"Tell him I ſent not to the Ilian coaſt
"My fleet to aid the Greeks; his father's ghoſt
"I never did diſturb: aſk him to lend
"To this the laſt requeſt that I ſhall ſend,

"A gentle ear; I wiſh that he may find
"A happy paſſage and a proſp'rous wind:
"That contract I not plead which he betray'd,
"Nor that his promis'd conqueſt be delay'd;
"All that I aſk is but a ſhort reprieve,
"Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve:
"Some pauſe and reſpite only I require,
"Till with my tears I ſhall have quench'd my fire.
"If thy addreſs can but obtain one day
"Or two, my death that ſervice ſhall repay."
Thus ſhe entreats; ſuch meſſages with tears
Condoling Anne to him, and from him, bears:
But him no pray'rs, no arguments, can move;
The Fates reſiſt; his ears are ſtopp'd by Jove.
As when fierce northern blaſts from th'Alps deſcend,
From his firm roots with ſtruggling guſts to rend
An aged ſturdy oak, the rattling ſound
Grows loud, with leaves and ſcatter'd arms the ground
Is overlaid, yet he ſtands fix'd; as high
As his proud head is rais'd towards the ſky,
So low t'wards hell his roots deſcend. With pray'rs
And tears the hero thus aſſail'd, great cares
He ſmothers in his breaſt, yet keeps his poſt,
All their addreſſes and their labour loſt.
Then ſhe deceives her ſiſter with a ſmile:
"Anne, in the inner court erect a pile;
"Thereon his arms and once-lov'd portrait lay:
"Thither our fatal marriage-bed convey;

"All curſed monuments of him with fire
"We muſt aboliſh, (ſo the gods require.")
She gives her credit for no worſe effect
Than from Sichæus' death ſhe did ſuſpect,
And her commands obeys.
Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed,
And o'er the world her bluſhing rays did ſpread.
The queen beheld, as ſoon as day appear'd,
The navy under ſail, the haven clear'd:
Thrice with her hand her naked breaſt ſhe knocks,
And from her forehead tears her golden locks.
"O Jove!" ſhe cry'd, "and ſhall he thus delude
"Me and my realm? why is he not purſu'd?
"Arm, arm," ſhe cry'd, "and let our Tyrians board
"With ours his fleet, and carry fire and ſword;
"Leave nothing unattempted to deſtroy
"That perjur'd race, then let us die with joy.
"What if th' event of war uncertain were?
"Nor death nor danger can the deſp'rate fear.
"But, oh, too late! this thing I ſhould have done
"When firſt I plac'd the traitor on my throne.
"Behold the faith of him who ſav'd from fire
"His honour'd houſehold gods! his aged ſire
"His pious ſhoulders from Troy's flames did bear.
"Why did I not his carcaſs piece-meal tear,
"And caſt it in the ſea? why not deſtroy
"All his companions, and beloved boy

"Aſcanius? and his tender limbs have dreſt,
"And made the father on the ſon to feaſt?
"Thou Sun! whoſe luſtre all things here below
"Surveys, and Juno! conſcious of my woe,
"Revengeful Furies! and Queen Hecate!
"Receive and grant my pray'r! If he the ſea
"Muſt needs eſcape, and reach th'Auſonian land,
"If Jove decree it, Jove's decree muſt ſtand.
"When landed, may he be with arms oppreſt
"By his rebelling people, be diſtreſt
"By exile from his country, be divorc'd
"From young Aſcanius' ſight, and be enforc'd
"To implore foreign aids, and loſe his friends
"By violent and undeſerved ends!
"When to conditions of unequal peace
"He ſhall ſubmit, then may he not poſſeſs
"Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral
"I' th' ſands, when he before his day ſhall fall!
"And ye, oh Tyrians! with immortal hate
"Purſue this race; this ſervice dedicate
"To my deplored aſhes: let there be
"'Twixt us and them no league nor amity.
"May from my bones a new Achilles riſe
"That ſhall infeſt the Trojan colonies
"With fire, and ſword, and famine, when at length
"Time to our great attempts contributes ſtrength;
"Our ſeas, our ſhores, our armies, theirs oppoſe,
"And may our children be for ever foes!"

A ghaſtly paleneſs death's approach portends,
Then trembling ſhe the fatal pile aſcends.
Viewing the Trojan relics, ſhe unſheath'd
Æneas' ſword, not for that uſe bequeath'd;
Then on the guilty bed ſhe gently lays
Herſelf, and ſoftly thus lamenting prays;
" Dear relics! whilſt that Gods and Fates give leave,
" Free me from care, and my glad ſoul receive.
" That date which Fortune gave I now muſt end,
" And to the ſhades a noble ghoſt deſcend.
" Sichæus' blood, by his falſe brother ſpilt,
" I have reveng'd, and a proud city built.
" Happy, alas! too happy, I had liv'd,
" Had not the Trojan on my coaſt arriv'd.
" But ſhall I die without revenge? yet die
" Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus fly.
" My conſcious foe my fun'ral fire ſhall view
" From ſea, and may that omen him purſue!"
Her fainting hand let fall the ſword beſmear'd
With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd.
Thro' all the court the fright and clamours riſe,
Which the whole city fills with fears and cries
As loud as if her Carthage or old Tyre
The foe had enter'd, and had ſet on fire.
Amazed Anne with ſpeed aſcends the ſtairs,
And in her arms her dying ſiſter rears:
" Did you for this yourſelf and me beguile?
" For ſuch an end did I erect this pile?

"Did you ſo much deſpiſe me, in this fate
"Myſelf with you not to aſſociate?
"Yourſelf and me, alas! this fatal wound
"The ſenate and the people doth confound.
"I'll waſh her wound with tears, and at her death
"My lips from her's ſhall draw her parting breath."
Then with her veſt the wound ſhe wipes and dries;
Thrice with her arm the Queen attempts to riſe,
But her ſtrength failing, falls into a ſwoon,
Life's laſt efforts yet ſtriving with her wound:
Thrice on her bed ſhe turns, with wand'ring ſight
Seeking, ſhe groans when ſhe beholds the light.
Then Juno, pitying her diſaſtrous fate,
Sends Iris down her pangs to mitigate.
(Since if we fall before th' appointed day
Nature and Death continue long their fray.)
Iris deſcends; "This fatal lock (ſays ſhe)
"To Pluto I bequeath, and ſet thee free;"
Then clips her hair: cold numbneſs ſtraight bereaves
Her corpſe of ſenſe, and th' air her ſoul receives.

SARPEDON'S SPEECH TO GLAUCUS,

IN THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER.

Thus to Glaucus ſpake
Divine Sarpedon, ſince he did not find
Others as great in place as great in mind.
Above the reſt why is our pomp, our pow'r,
Our flocks, our herds, and our poſſeſſions more?

Why all the tributes land and ſea affords,
Heap'd in great chargers, load our ſumptuous boards?
Our cheerful gueſts carouſe the ſparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilſt muſic charms their ears.
Why, as we paſs, do thoſe on Xanthus' ſhore
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?
But that, as well in danger as degree,
We ſtand the firſt; that when our Licians ſee
Our brave examples, they admiring ſay,
Behold our gallant leaders! theſe are they
Deſerve the greatneſs, and unenvy'd ſtand,
Since what they act tranſcends what they command.
Could the declining of this fate (oh, friend!)
Our date to immortality extend?
Or if death ſought not them who ſeek not death
Would I advance? or ſhould my vainer breath
With ſuch a glorious folly thee inſpire?
But ſince with Fortune Nature doth conſpire,
Since age, diſeaſe, or ſome leſs noble end,
Tho' not leſs certain, doth our days attend;
Since 't is decreed, and to this period lead
A thouſand ways, the nobleſt path we 'll tread,
And bravely on till they, or we, or all,
A common ſacrifice to honour fall.

EPIGRAM. FROM MARTIAL.

PR'YTHEE die and ſet me free,
Or elſe be
Kind, and briſk, and gay, like me:

I pretend not to the wiſe ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the preciſe ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits, or ſharp replies;
If wiſe thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartee, repartee
To what I 'm doing.

Pr'ythee why the room ſo dark?
Not a ſpark
Left to light me to the mark:
I love daylight and a candle,
And to ſee, and to ſee
As well as handle.

Why ſo many bolts and locks,
Coats and ſmocks,
And thoſe drawers, with a pox?
I could wiſh, could Nature make it,
Nakedneſs, nakedneſs
Itſelf were naked.

But if a miſtreſs I muſt have
Wiſe and grave,
Let her ſo herſelf behave;
All the day long Suſan civil,
Pap by night, pap by night,
Or ſuch a devil.

CATO MAJOR.

TO THE READER.

I CAN neither call this piece Tully's nor my own, being much altered from the original, not only by the change of the ſtyle, but by addition and ſubtraction. I believe you will be better pleaſed to receive it, as I did, at the firſt ſight; for to me Cicero did not ſo much appear to write as Cato to ſpeak; and, to do right to my author, I believe no character of any perſon was ever better drawn to the life than this. Therefore neither conſider Cicero nor me, but Cato himſelf, who being then raiſed from the dead to ſpeak the language of that age and place, neither the diſtance of place or time makes it leſs poſſible to raiſe him now to ſpeak ours.

Though I dare not compare my copy with the original, yet you will find it mentioned here how much fruits are improved by graffing; and here, by graffing verſe upon proſe, ſome of theſe ſeverer arguments may receive a more mild and pleaſant taſte.

Cato ſays (in another place) of himſelf, that he learned to ſpeak Greek between the ſeventieth and eightieth year of his age; beginning that ſo late, he may not yet be too old to learn Engliſh, being now but between his ſeventeenth and eighteenth hundred year. For theſe reaſons I ſhall leave to this piece no other name than what the author gave it, of Cato Major.

PREFACE.

That learned critic, the younger Scaliger, comparing the two great orators, says, that nothing can be taken from Demosthenes, nor added to Tully; and if there be any fault in the last, it is the resumption or dwelling too long upon his arguments: for which reason, having intended to translate this piece into prose, (where translation ought to be strict) finding the matter very proper for verse, I took the liberty to leave out what was only necessary to that age and place, and to take or add what was proper to this present age and occasion, by laying his sense closer, and in fewer words, according to the style and ear of these times. The three first parts I dedicate to my old friends, to take off those melancholy reflections which the sense of age, infirmity, and death, may give them. The last part I think necessary for the conviction of those many who believe not, or at least mind not, the immortality of the soul, of which the Scripture speaks only positively as a lawgiver, with an *ipse dixit*; but it may be, they neither believe that, (from which they either make doubts or sport) nor those whose business it is to interpret it, supposing they do it only for their own ends: but if a Heathen philosopher bring such arguments from reason, Nature, and second causes, which none of our Atheistical sophisters can confute, if they may stand convinced that there is an immortality of the soul, I hope they will so weigh the consequences as neither to talk nor live as if there was no such thing.

CATO MAJOR OF OLD AGE.

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO.

THO' all the actions of your life are crown'd
With wiſdom, nothing makes them more renown'd
Than that thoſe years, which others think extreme,
Nor to yourſelf nor us uneaſy ſeem,
Under which weight moſt like th' old giants groan,
When Ætna on their backs by Jove was thrown.
CATO. What you urge, Scipio, from right reaſon
All parts of Age ſeem burthenſome to thoſe [flows;
Who virtue's and true wiſdom's happineſs
Cannot diſcern; but they who thoſe poſſeſs,
In what 's impos'd by Nature find no grief,
Of which our Age is (next our death) the chief,
Which tho' all equally deſire t' obtain,
Yet when they have obtain'd it they complain:
Such our inconſtancies and follies are,
We ſay it ſteals upon us unaware.
Our want of reas'ning theſe falſe meaſures makes;
Youth runs to Age, as childhood youth o'ertakes.
How much more grievous would our lives appear
To reach th' eighth hundred than the eightieth year?
Of what in that long ſpace of time hath paſt
To fooliſh Age will no remembrance laſt.
My Age's conduct when you ſeem t' admire,
(Which that it may deſerve I much deſire)

'Tis my firſt rule on Nature, as my guide
Appointed by the gods, I have rely'd;
And Nature, which all acts of life deſigns,
Not, like ill poets, in the laſt declines:
But ſome one part muſt be the laſt of all,
Which, like ripe fruits, muſt either rot or fall;
And this from Nature muſt be gently borne,
Elſe her (as giants did the gods) we ſcorn.
LÆL. But, Sir, 't is Scipio's and my deſire,
Since to long life we gladly would aſpire,
That from your grave inſtructions we might hear
How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.
CAT. This I reſolv'd before, but now ſhall do
With great delight, ſince 't is requir'd by you.
LÆL. If to yourſelf it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater joy can move,
That as old travellers the young inſtruct,
Your long our ſhort experience may conduct.
CAT. 'Tis true, (as the old proverb doth relate)
Equals with equals often congregate.
Two conſuls *, (who in years my equals were)
When ſenators, lamenting I did hear
That Age from them had all their pleaſures torn,
And them their former ſuppliants now ſcorn.
They what is not to be accus'd accuſe;
Not others but themſelves their Age abuſe;
Elſe this might me concern, and all my friends,
Whoſe cheerful Age with honour youth attends,

* Caius Salinator, Spurius Albinus.

Joy'd that from pleaſure's ſlav'ry they are free,
And all reſpects due to their Age they ſee
In its true colours; this complaint appears
The ill effect of manners, not of years;
For on their life no grievous burthen lies
Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wiſe;
But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind
Not any eaſy part in life can find.
LÆL. This I believe; yet others may diſpute
Their Age (as your's) can never bear ſuch fruit
Of honour, wealth, and pow'r, to make them ſweet;
Not ev'ry one ſuch happineſs can meet.
CAT. Some weight your argument, my Lælius, bears,
But not ſo much as at firſt ſight appears.
This anſwer by Themiſtocles was made,
(When a Seriphian thus did him upbraid,
"You thoſe great honours to your country owe,
"Not to yourſelf)"—"Had I at Seripho *
"Been born, ſuch honour I had never ſeen,
"Nor you, if an Athenian you had been."
So Age, cloath'd in indecent poverty,
To the moſt prudent cannot eaſy be;
But to a fool the greater his eſtate
The more uneaſy is his Age's weight.
Age's chief arts and arms are to grow wiſe,
Virtue to know, and known to exerciſe:
All juſt returns to Age then virtue makes,
Nor her in her extremity forſakes.

* An iſle to which condemned men were baniſhed.

The ſweeteſt cordial we receive at laſt,
Is conſcience of our virtuous actions paſt.
I (when a youth) with reverence did look
On Quintus Fabius, who Tarentum took;
Yet in his Age ſuch cheerfulneſs was ſeen,
As if his years and mine had equal been:
His gravity was mix'd with gentleneſs,
Nor had his Age made his good humour leſs:
Then was he well in years, (the ſame that he
Was conſul that of my nativity)
(A ſtripling then) in his fourth conſulate
On him at Capua I in arms did wait.
I five years after at Tarentum wan
The Quæſtorſhip, and then our love began;
And four years after, when I Prætor was,
He pleaded, and the Cincian law * did paſs.
With uſeful diligence he us'd t' engage,
Yet with the temp'rate arts of patient Age
He breaks fierce Hannibal's inſulting heats;
Of which exploit thus our friend Ennius treats:
He by delay reſtor'd the commonwealth,
Nor preferr'd rumour before public health.

* Againſt bribes.

The Argument.

When I reflect on Age, I find there are
Four cauſes, which its miſery declare.
1. Becauſe our body's ſtrength it much impairs:
2. That it takes off our minds from great affairs;
3. Next that our ſenſe of pleaſures it deprives:
4. Laſt that approaching death attends our lives.
Of all theſe ſev'ral cauſes I'll diſcourſe,
And then of each, in order, weigh the force.

THE FIRST PART.

The old from ſuch affairs is only freed
Which vig'rous youth and ſtrength of body need;
But to more high affairs our Age is lent,
Moſt properly when heats of youth are ſpent.
Did Fabius and your father Scipio
(Whoſe daughter my ſon married) nothing do?
Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii,
Whoſe courage, counſel, and authority,
The Roman commonwealth reſtor'd, did boaſt,
Nor Appius, with whoſe ſtrength his ſight was loſt,
Who, when the Senate was to peace inclin'd
With Pyrrhus, ſhew'd his reaſon was not blind.
Whither 's our courage and our wiſdom come,
When Rome itſelf conſpires the fate of Rome?
The reſt with ancient gravity and ſkill
He ſpake; (for his oration 's extant ſtill.)
'Tis ſeventeen years ſince he had Conſul been
The ſecond time, and there were ten between;
Therefore their argument 's of little force,
Who Age from great employments would divorce.

As in a ſhip ſome climb the ſhrouds, t' unfold
The ſail, ſome ſweep the deck, ſome pump the hold,
Whilſt he that guides the helm employs his ſkill,
And gives the law to them by ſitting ſtill;
Great actions leſs from courage, ſtrength, and ſpeed,
Than from wiſe counſels and commands proceed.
Thoſe arts Age wants not which to Age belong;
Not heat but cold experience makes us ſtrong.'
A Conſul, Tribune, General, I have been,
All ſorts of war I have paſs'd thro' and ſeen;
And now grown old, I ſeem t' abandon it,
Yet to the Senate I preſcribe what's fit.
I ev'ry day 'gainſt Carthage war proclaim,
(For Rome's deſtruction hath been long her aim)
Nor ſhall I ceaſe till I her ruin ſee,
Which triumph may the gods deſign for thee;
That Scipio may revenge his grandſire's ghoſt,
Whoſe life at Cannæ with great honour loſt
Is on record; nor had he weary'd been
With Age, if he an hundred years had ſeen:
He had not us'd excurſions, ſpears, or darts,
But counſel, order, and ſuch aged arts;
Which if our anceſtors had not retain'd,
The Senate's name our council had not gain'd.
The Spartans to their higheſt magiſtrate
The name of Elder did appropriate:
Therefore his fame for ever ſhall remain,
How gallantly Tarentum he did gain,

With vigilant conduct: when that ſharp reply
He gave to Salinator I ſtood by,
Who to the caſtle fled, the town being loſt,
Yet he to Maximus did vainly boaſt
'Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;
'Tis true, had you not loſt I had not gain'd.
And as much honour on his gown did wait
As on his arms, in his fifth conſulate.
When his colleague Carvilius ſtept aſide,
The Tribune of the people would divide
To them the Gallic and the Picene field;
Againſt the Senate's will he will not yield;
When, being angry, boldly he declares
Thoſe things were acted under happy ſtars,
From which the commonwealth found good effects,
But otherwiſe they came from bad aſpects.
Many great things of Fabius I could tell,
But his ſon's death did all the reſt excel;
(His gallant ſon, tho' young, had Conſul been)
His funeral oration I have ſeen
Often; and when on that I turn my eyes,
I all the old philoſophers deſpiſe.
Tho' he in all the people's eyes ſeem'd great,
Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat;
When feaſting with his private friends at home,
Such counſel, ſuch diſcourſe, from him did come,
Such ſcience in his art of augury,
No Roman ever was more learn'd than he;

Knowledge of all things preſent and to come,
Rememb'ring all the wars of ancient Rome,
Nor only there, but all the world's beſide:
Dying in extreme Age I propheſy'd
That which is come to paſs, and did diſcern
From his ſurvivors I could nothing learn.
This long diſcourſe was but to let you ſee
That his long life could not uneaſy be.
Few like the Fabii or the Scipios are
Takers of cities, conquerors in war:
Yet others to like happy Age arrive,
Who modeſt, quiet, and with virtue live.
Thus Plato writing his philoſophy,
With honour after ninety years did die.
Th' Athenian ſtory writ at ninety-four
By Iſocrates, who yet liv'd five years more;
His maſter Gorgias at the hundreth year
And ſeventh not his ſtudies did forbear;
And, aſk'd why he no ſooner left the ſtage?
Said he ſaw nothing to accuſe Old Age.
None but the fooliſh, who their lives abuſe,
Age of their own miſtakes and crimes accuſe.
All commonwealths (as by records is ſeen)
As by Age preſerv'd, by youth deſtroy'd, have been.
When the tragedian Nævius did demand,
Why did your commonwealth no longer ſtand?
'Twas anſwer'd that their ſenators were new,
Fooliſh and young, and ſuch as nothing knew.

Nature to youth hot raſhneſs doth diſpenſe,
But with cold prudence Age doth recompenſe.
But Age, 't is ſaid, will memory decay;
So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;
Or if by Nature it be dull and ſlow.
Themiſtocles (when ag'd) the names did know
Of all th' Athenians; and none grow ſo old
Not to remember where they hid their gold.
From Age ſuch art of memory we learn,
To forget nothing which is our concern:
Their intereſt no prieſt nor ſorcerer
Forgets, nor lawyer nor philoſopher:
No underſtanding memory can want
Where wiſdom ſtudious induſtry doth plant.
Nor does it only in the active live,
But in the quiet and contemplative.
When Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)
Was by his ſons before the judges brought,
Becauſe he paid the Muſes ſuch reſpect,
His fortune, wife, and children, to neglect;
Almoſt condemn'd he mov'd the judges thus,
"Hear, but inſtead of me, my Oedipus."
The judges hearing with applauſe, at th' end
Freed him, and ſaid, "No fool ſuch lines had penn'd."
What poets and what orators can I
Recount, what princes in philoſophy,
Whoſe conſtant ſtudies with their Age did ſtrive?
Nor did they thoſe, tho' thoſe did them, ſurvive.

Old husbandmen I at Sabinum know,
Who for another year dig, plough, and sow;
For never any man was yet so old
But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.
Cæcilius vainly said, "Each day we spend
"Discovers something which must needs offend."
But sometimes Age may pleasant things behold,
And nothing that offends. He should have told
This not to Age, but youth, who oft'ner see
What not alone offends, but hurts, than we.
That I in him which he in Age condemn'd,
That us it renders odious and contemn'd.
He knew not virtue if he thought this truth;
For youth delights in Age, and Age in youth.
What to the old can greater pleasure be
Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to see,
When they with rev'rence follow where we lead,
And in straight paths by our directions tread!
And ev'n my conversation here I see
As well receiv'd by you as your's by me.
'Tis disingenuous to accuse our Age
Of idleness, who all our pow'rs engage
In the same studies, the same course to hold,
Nor think our reason for new arts too old.
Solon, the sage, his progress never ceas'd,
But still his learning with his days increas'd;
And I with the same greediness did seek,
As water when I thirst, to swallow Greek;

Which I did only learn that I might know
Thoſe great examples which I follow now:
And I have heard that Socrates the Wiſe
Learn'd on the lute for his laſt exerciſe.
Tho' many of the Ancients did the ſame,
To improve knowledge was my only aim.

THE SECOND PART.

Now into' our ſecond grievance I muſt break,
" That loſs of ſtrength makes underſtanding weak."
I grieve no more my youthful ſtrength to want,
Than, young, that of a bull or elephant;
Then with that force content which Nature gave,
Nor am I now diſpleas'd with what I have.
When the young wreſtlers at their ſport grew warm,
Old Milo wept to ſee his naked arm,
And cry'd 't was dead. Trifler! thine heart and head,
And all that 's in them, (not thy arm) are dead:
This folly ev'ry looker-on derides,
To glory only in thy arms and ſides.
Our gallant anceſtors let fall no tears,
Their ſtrength decreaſing by increaſing years;
But they advanc'd in wiſdom ev'ry hour,
And made the commonwealth advance in pow'r.
But orators may grieve, for in their ſides,
Rather than heads, their faculty abides;

Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,
And ſtill my own ſometimes the Senate hear.
When th' old with ſmooth and gentle voices plead,
They by the ear their well-pleas'd audience lead;
Which if I had not ſtrength enough to do,
I could (my Lælius and my Scipio!)
What 's to be done or not be done inſtruct,
And to the maxims of good life conduct.
Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man
Of men) your grandſire, the great African,
Were joyful when the flow'r of noble blood
Crowded their dwellings, and attending ſtood,
Like oracles their counſels to receive,
How in their progreſs they ſhould act and live.
And they whoſe high examples youth obeys
Are not deſpiſed tho' their ſtrength decays;
And thoſe decays (to ſpeak the naked truth,
Tho' the defects of Age) were crimes of youth.
Intemp'rate youth (by ſad experience found)
Ends in an Age imperfect and unſound.
Cyrus, tho' ag'd, (if Xenophon ſay true)
Lucius Metellus, (whom when young I knew)
Who held (after his ſecond conſulate)
Twenty-two years the high pontificate;
Neither of theſe, in body or in mind,
Before their death the leaſt decay did find.
I ſpeak not of myſelf, tho' none deny
To Age to praiſe their youth the liberty:

Such an unwaſted ſtrength I cannot boaſt,
Yet now my years are eighty-four almoſt:
And tho' from what it was my ſtrength is far,
Both in the firſt and ſecond Punic war,
Nor at Thermopylæ, under Glabrio,
Nor when I Conſul into Spain did go;
But yet I feel no weakneſs, nor hath length
Of winters quite enervated my ſtrength;
And I my gueſt, my client, or my friend,
Still in the courts of juſtice can defend:
Neither muſt I that proverb's truth allow,
" Who would be ancient muſt be early ſo."
I would be youthful ſtill, and find no need
To appear old till I was ſo indeed.
And yet you ſee my hours not idle are,
Tho' with your ſtrength I cannot mine compare:
Yet this Centurion's doth your's ſurmount;
Not therefore him the better man I count.
Milo, when ent'ring the Olympic game,
With a huge ox upon his ſhoulder came:
Would you the force of Milo's body find,
Rather than of Pythagoras's mind?
The force which Nature gives with care retain,
But when decay'd 't is folly to complain.
In Age to wiſh for youth is full as vain
As for a youth to turn a child again.
Simple and certain Nature's ways appear,
As ſhe ſets forth the ſeaſons of the year:

So in all parts of life we find her truth,
Weakneſs to childhood, raſhneſs to our youth;
To elder years to be diſcreet and grave,
Then to old Age maturity ſhe gave.
(Scipio) you know how Maſſiniſſa bears
His kingly port at more than ninety years;
When marching with his foot he walks till night,
When with his horſe he never will alight;
Tho' cold or wet his head is always bare;
So hot, ſo dry, his aged members are.
You ſee how exerciſe and temperance
Ev'n to old years a youthful ſtrength advance.
Our law (becauſe from Age our ſtrength retires)
No duty which belongs to ſtrength requires.
But Age doth many men ſo feeble make,
That they no great deſign can undertake;
Yet that to Age not ſingly is apply'd,
But to all man's infirmities beſide.
That Scipio who adopted you did fall
Into ſuch pains he had no health at all,
Who elſe had equall'd Africanus' parts,
Exceeding him in all the liberal arts.
Why ſhould thoſe errors then imputed be
To Age alone, from which our youth 's not free?
Ev'ry diſeaſe of Age we may prevent,
Like thoſe of youth, by being diligent.
When ſick, ſuch moderate exerciſe we uſe,
And diet, as our vital heat renews;

And if our bodies thence refreſhment finds,
Then muſt we alſo exerciſe our minds.
If with continual oil we not ſupply
Our lamp, the light for want of it will die.
Tho' bodies may be tir'd with exerciſe,
No wearineſs the mind could e'er ſurpriſe.
Cæcilius, the comedian, when of Age
He repreſents the follies on the ſtage,
They 're credulous, forgetful, diſſolute;
Neither thoſe crimes to Age he doth impute,
But to old men, to whom thoſe crimes belong.
Luſt, petulence, raſhneſs, are in youth more ſtrong
Than Age, and yet young men thoſe vices hate
Who virtuous are, diſcreet, and temperate:
And ſo what we call dotage ſeldom breeds
In bodies but where Nature ſow'd the ſeeds.
There are five daughters and four gallant ſons
In whom the blood of noble Appius runs,
With a moſt num'rous family beſide,
Whom he alone, tho' old and blind, did guide:
Yet his clear-ſighted mind was ſtill intent,
And to his bus'neſs, like a bow, ſtood bent:
By children, ſervants, neighbours, ſo eſteem'd,
He not a maſter but a monarch ſeem'd.
All his relations his admirers were;
His ſons paid rev'rence, and his ſervants fear:
The order and the ancient diſcipline
Of Romans did in all his actions ſhine.

Authority kept up old Age ſecures,
Whoſe dignity as long as life endures.
Something of youth I in old Age approve,
But more the marks of Age in youth I love.
Who this obſerves may in his body find
Decrepit Age, but never in his mind.
The ſeven volumes of my own Reports,
Wherein are all the pleadings of our courts;
All noble monuments of Greece are come
Unto my hands, with thoſe of ancient Rome.
The Pontifical and the Civil law
I ſtudy ſtill, and thence orations draw:
And, to confirm my memory, at night
What I hear, ſee, or do, by day, I ſtill recite.
Theſe exerciſes for my thoughts I find;
Theſe labours are the chariots of my mind.
To ſerve my friends the Senate I frequent,
And there what I before digeſted vent;
Which only from my ſtrength of mind proceeds,
Not any outward force of body needs;
Which if I could not do, I ſhould delight
On what I would to ruminate at night.
Who in ſuch practices their minds engage,
Nor fear nor think of their approaching Age,
Which by degrees inviſibly doth creep;
Nor do we ſeem to die, but fall aſleep.

THE THIRD PART.

Now muſt I draw my forces 'gainſt that hoſt
Of pleaſures which i' th' ſea of Age are loſt.
O thou moſt high tranſcendent gift of Age!
Youth from its folly thus to diſengage.
And now receive from me that moſt divine
Oration of that noble Tarentine*,
Which at Tarentum I long ſince did hear,
When I attended the great Fabius there.
Ye Gods! was it man's nature, or his fate,
Betray'd him with ſweet pleaſure's poiſon'd bait?
Which he, with all deſigns of art or pow'r,
Doth with unbridled appetite devour:
And as all poiſons ſeek the nobleſt part,
Pleaſure poſſeſſes firſt the head and heart;
Intoxicating both by them, ſhe finds,
And burns the ſacred temples of our minds.
Furies, which reaſon's divine chains had bound,
(That being broken) all the world confound;
Luſt, Murder, Treaſon, Avarice, and hell
Itſelf broke looſe, in Reaſon's palace dwell:
Truth, Honour, Juſtice, Temperance, are fled,
All her attendants into darkneſs led.
But why all this diſcourſe? when pleaſure's rage
Hath conquer'd reaſon, we muſt treat with Age.
Age undermines, and will in time ſurpriſe
Her ſtrongeſt forts, and cut off all ſupplies;

* Archytas, much praiſed by Horace.

And, join'd in league with ſtrong Neceſſity,
Pleaſure muſt fly, or elſe by famine die.
Flaminius, whom a conſulſhip had grac'd,
(Then Cenſor) from the Senate I diſplac'd:
When he in Gaul, a Conſul, made a feaſt,
A beauteous courtezan did him requeſt
To ſee the cutting off a priſ'ner's head;
This crime I could not leave unpuniſhed,
Since by a private villany he ſtain'd
That public honour which at Rome he gain'd.
Then to our Age (when not to pleaſures bent)
This ſeems an honour, not diſparagement.
We not all pleaſures like the Stoics hate,
But love and ſeek thoſe which are moderate.
(Tho' divine Plato thus of pleaſures thought,
They us with hooks and baits like fiſhes caught.)
When Quæſtor, to the gods in public halls
I was the firſt who ſet up feſtivals:
Not with high taſtes our appetites did force,
But fill'd with converſation and diſcourſe;
Which feaſts Convivial Meetings we did name;
Not like the ancient Greeks, who to their ſhame
Call'd it a Compotation, not a feaſt,
Declaring the worſt part of it the beſt.
Thoſe entertainments I did then frequent
Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment:
But now I thank my Age, which gives me eaſe
From thoſe exceſſes; yet myſelf I pleaſe

With cheerful talk to entertain my guefts,
(Difcourfes are to Age continual feafts)
The love of meat and wine they recompenfe,
And cheer the mind as much as thofe the fenfe.
I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among
The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young;
Nor 'gainft all pleafures proclaim open war,
To which, in Age, fome nat'ral motions are:
And ftill at my Sabinum I delight
To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.
But we the fenfe of guft and pleafure want,
Which youth at full poffeffes; this I grant:
But Age feeks not the things which youth requires,
And no man needs that which he not defires.
When Sophocles was afk'd if he deny'd
Himfelf the ufe of pleafures? he reply'd,
"I humbly thank th' immortal gods, who me
"From that fierce tyrant's infolence fet free."
But they whom preffing appetites conftrain
Grieve when they cannot their defires obtain.
Young men the ufe of pleafure underftand,
As of an object new, and near at hand:
Tho' this ftands more remote from Age's fight,
Yet they behold it not without delight:
As ancient foldiers, from their duties eas'd,
With fenfe of honour and rewards are pleas'd;
So from ambitious hopes and lufts releaft,
Delighted with itfelf our Age doth reft.

No part of life 's more happy, when with bread
Of ancient knowledge and new learning fed:
All youthful pleafures by degrees muft ceafe,
But thofe of Age ev'n with our years increafe.
We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd,
But free from furfeits our repofe is found.
When old Fabricius to the Samnites went,
Ambaffador from Rome to Pyrrhus fent,
He heard a grave philofopher maintain
That all the actions of our life were vain
Which with our fenfe of pleafure not confpir'd;
Fabricius the philofopher defir'd
That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach,
And to the Samnites the fame doctrine preach,
Then of their conqueft he fhould doubt no more,
Whom their own pleafures overcame before.
Now into ruftic matters I muft fall,
Which pleafure feems to me the chief of all.
Age no impediment to thofe can give,
Who wifely by the rules of Nature live.
Earth (tho' our mother) cheerfully obeys
All the commands her race upon her lays;
For whatfoever from our hand fhe takes,
Greater or lefs, a vaft return fhe makes.
Nor am I only pleas'd with that refource,
But with her ways, her method, and her force.
The feed her bofom (by the plough made fit)
Receives, where kindly fhe embraces it,

Which with her genuine warmth diffus'd and ſpread,
Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,
Then gives it motion, life, and nouriſhment,
Which from the root thro' nerves and veins are ſent;
Straight in a hollow ſheath upright it grows,
And, form receiving, doth itſelf diſcloſe:
Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded ſpikes
Guard it from birds, as with a ſtand of pikes.
When of the vine I ſpeak, I ſeem inſpir'd,
And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd:
At Nature's godlike pow'r I ſtand amaz'd,
Which ſuch vaſt bodies hath from atoms rais'd.
The kernel of a grape, the fig's ſmall grain,
Can clothe a mountain, and o'erſhade a plain:
But thou, dear Vine! forbidd'ſt me to be long,
Altho' thy trunk be neither large nor ſtrong;
Nor can thy head (not help'd) itſelf ſublime,
Yet, like a ſerpent, a tall tree can climb:
Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine
Proves thy ſupport, and all its ſtrength is thine:
Tho' Nature gave not legs it gave thee hands,
By which thy prop the proudeſt cedar ſtands:
As thou haſt hands, ſo hath thy offspring wings,
And to the higheſt part of mortals ſprings.
But leſt thou ſhouldſt conſume thy wealth in vain,
And ſtarve thyſelf to feed a num'rous train,
Or like the bee, (ſweet as thy blood) deſign'd
To be deſtroy'd to propagate his kind,

Leſt thy redundant and ſuperfluous juice
Should fading leaves inſtead of fruits produce,
The pruner's hand, with letting blood, muſt quench
Thy heat, and thy exuberant parts retrench:
Then from the joints of thy prolific ſtem
A ſwelling knot is raiſed, (call'd, a gem)
Whence in ſhort ſpace itſelf the cluſter ſhows,
And from earth's moiſture mix'd with ſun-beams
I' th' ſpring, like youth, it yields an acid taſte, [grows.
But ſummer doth, like Age, the ſourneſs waſte;
Then cloath'd with leaves, from heat and cold ſecure,
Like virgins, ſweet and beauteous, when mature.
On fruits, flow'rs, herbs, and plants, I long could dwell,
At once to pleaſe my eye, my taſte, my ſmell.
My walks of trees, all planted by my hand,
Like children of my own begetting ſtand.
To tell the ſev'ral natures of each earth,
What fruits from each moſt properly take birth;
And with what arts to enrich ev'ry mould,
The dry to moiſten, and to warm the cold.
But when we graft, or buds inoculate,
Nature by art we nobly meliorate.
As Orpheus' muſic wildeſt beaſts did tame,
From the ſour crab the ſweeteſt apple came:
The mother to the daughter goes to ſchool,
The ſpecies changed, doth her laws o'er-rule.
Nature herſelf doth from herſelf depart
(Strange tranſmigration!) by the pow'r of art.

How little things give law to great! we fee
The fmall bud captivates the greateft tree.
Here ev'n the pow'r divine we imitate,
And feem not to beget, but to create.
Much was I pleas'd with fowls and beafts, the tame
For food and profit, and the wild for game.
Excufe me when this pleafant ftring I touch,
(For Age of what delights it fpeaks too much.)
Who twice victorious Pyrrhus conquered,
The Sabines and the Samnites captive led,
Great Curius! his remaining days did fpend,
And in this happy life his triumphs end.
My farm ftands near, and when I there retire,
His and that age's temper I admire.
The Samnites' chiefs, as by his fire he fat,
With a vaft fum of gold on him did wait;
"Return," faid he; "your gold I nothing weigh,
"When thofe who can command it me obey."
This my affertion proves he may be old,
And yet not fordid, who refufes gold.
In fummer to fit ftill, or walk, I love,
Near a cool fountain, or a fhady grove.
What can in winter render more delight
Than the high fun at noon and fire at night?
While our old friends and neighbours feaft and play,
And with their harmlefs mirth turn night to day,
Unpurchas'd plenty our full tables loads,
And part of what they lent return t' our gods.

That honour and authority which dwells
With Age, all pleaſures of our youth excels.
Obſerve that I that Age have only prais'd
Whoſe pillars were on youth's foundations rais'd,
And that (for which I great applauſe receiv'd)
As a true maxim hath been ſince believ'd.
That moſt unhappy Age great pity needs,
Which to defend itſelf new matter pleads.
Not from gray hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,
But our paſt life, when virtuouſly ſpent,
Muſt to our Age thoſe happy fruits preſent.
Thoſe things to Age moſt honourable are
Which eaſy, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, conſulting, compliment, reſort,
Crowding attendance to and from the court:
And not on Rome alone this honour waits,
But on all civil and well-govern'd ſtates.
Lyſander pleading in his city's praiſe,
From thence his ſtrongeſt argument did raiſe,
That Sparta did with honour Age ſupport,
Paying them juſt reſpect at ſtage and court:
But at proud Athens youth did Age outface,
Nor at the plays would riſe or give them place.
When an Athenian ſtranger of great Age
Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the ſtage,
To him the whole aſſembly roſe, and ran
To place and eaſe this old and reverend man,

Who thus his thanks returns, "Th'Athenians know
"What 's to be done; but what they know not do."
Here our great Senate's orders I may quote,
The firſt in Age is ſtill the firſt in vote.
Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command,
In competition with great years may ſtand.
Why ſhould our youth's ſhort tranſient pleaſures dare
With Age's laſting honours to compare?
On the world's ſtage, when our applauſe grows high,
For acting here life's tragic comedy,
The lookers-on will ſay we act not well,
Unleſs the laſt the former ſcenes excel.
But Age is froward, uneaſy, ſcrutinous,
Hard to be pleas'd, and parſimonious.
But all thoſe errors from our manners riſe,
Not from our years; yet ſome moroſities
We muſt expect, ſince jealouſy belongs
To Age, of ſcorn, and tender ſenſe of wrongs:
Yet thoſe are mollify'd, or not diſcern'd,
Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:
So the Twins' humours, in our Terence *, are
Unlike, this harſh and rude, that ſmooth and fair.
Our nature here is not unlike our wine;
Some ſorts, when old, continue briſk and fine;
So Age's gravity may ſeem ſevere,
But nothing harſh or bitter ought t' appear.
Of Age's avarice I cannot ſee
What colour, ground, or reaſon, there ſhould be:

* In his comedy called Adelphi.

Is it not folly when the way we ride
Is ſhort for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice ſome title youth may own,
To reap in autumn what the ſpring had ſown;
And, with the providence of bees or ants,
Prevent with ſummer's plenty winter's wants:
But Age ſcarce ſows till Death ſtands by to reap,
And to a ſtranger's hand transfers the heap:
Afraid to be ſo once, ſhe 's always poor,
And to avoid a miſchief makes it ſure.
Such madneſs as for fear of death to die,
Is to be poor for fear of poverty.

THE FOURTH PART.

Now againſt (that which terrifies our Age)
The laſt and greateſt grievance we engage;
To her grim Death appears in all her ſhapes,
The hungry grave for her due tribute gapes.
Fond, fooliſh man! with fear of death ſurpris'd,
Which either ſhould be wiſh'd for or deſpis'd:
This, if our ſouls with bodies death deſtroy;
That, if our ſouls a ſecond life enjoy.
What elſe is to be fear'd, when we ſhall gain
Eternal life, or have no ſenſe of pain?
The youngeſt in the morning are not ſure
That till the night their life they can ſecure;
Their Age ſtands more expos'd to accidents
Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:

Death's force (with terror) againſt Nature ſtrives,
Nor one of many to ripe Age arrives.
From this ill fate the world's diſorders riſe,
For if all men were old they would be wiſe.
Years and experience our forefathers taught,
Them under laws and into cities brought.
Why only ſhould the fear of death belong
To Age, which is as common to the young?
Your hopeful brothers, and my ſon, to you,
Scipio, and me, this maxim makes too true.
But vig'rous youth may his gay thoughts erect
To many years, which Age muſt not expect.
But when he ſees his airy hopes deceiv'd,
With grief he ſays, Who this would have believ'd?
We happier are than they who but deſir'd
To poſſeſs that which we long ſince acquir'd.
What if our age to Neſtor's could extend?
'Tis vain to think that laſting which muſt end;
And when 't is paſt, not any part remains
Thereof but the reward which virtue gains.
Days, months, and years, like running waters flow,
Nor what is paſt nor what 's to come we know.
Our date, how ſhort ſoe'er, muſt us content.
When a good actor doth his part preſent,
In ev'ry act he our attention draws,
That at the laſt he may find juſt applauſe;
So tho' but ſhort, yet we muſt learn the art
Of virtue on this ſtage to act our part.

True wiſdom muſt our actions ſo direct,
Not only the laſt plaudit to expect;
Yet grieve no more, tho' long that part ſhould laſt,
Than huſbandmen becauſe the ſpring is paſt.
The ſpring, like youth, freſh bloſſoms doth produce,
But autumn makes them ripe and fit for uſe:
So Age a mature mellowneſs doth ſet
On the green promiſes of youthful heat.
All things which Nature did ordain are good,
And ſo muſt be receiv'd and underſtood.
Age, like ripe apples, on earth's boſom drops,
While force our youth, like fruits, untimely crops:
The ſparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
As when huge ſtreams are pour'd on raging fires;
But Age unforc'd falls by her own conſent,
As coals to aſhes, when the ſpirit's ſpent:
Therefore to death I with ſuch joy reſort,
As ſeamen from a tempeſt to their port:
Yet to that port ourſelves we muſt not force,
Before our pilot, Nature, ſteers our courſe.
Let us the cauſes of our fear condemn,
Then Death at his approach we ſhall contemn.
Tho' to our heat of youth our Age ſeems cold,
Yet when reſolv'd it is more brave and bold.
Thus Solon to Piſiſtratus reply'd,
Demanded on what ſuccour he rely'd
When with ſo few he boldly did engage?
He ſaid he took his courage from his Age.

Then death ſeems welcome, and our nature kind,
When, leaving us a perfect ſenſe and mind,
She (like a workman in his ſcience ſkill'd)
Pulls down with eaſe what her own hand did build.
That art which knew to join all parts in one
Makes the leaſt vi'lent ſeparation.
Yet tho' our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We muſt not force them till themſelves they break.
Pythagoras bids us in our ſtation ſtand,
Till God, our general, ſhall us diſband.
Wiſe Solon dying, wiſh'd his friends might grieve,
That in their memories he ſtill might live;
Yet wiſer Ennius gave command to all
His friends not to bewail his funeral:
Your tears for ſuch a death in vain you ſpend,
Which ſtraight in immortality ſhall end.
In death if there be any ſenſe of pain,
But a ſhort ſpace to Age it will remain;
On which, without my fears, my wiſhes wait,
But tim'rous youth on this ſhould meditate.
Who for light pleaſure this advice rejects,
Finds little when his thoughts he recollects.
Our death (tho' not its certain date) we know,
Nor whether it may be this night or no.
How then can they contented live who fear
A danger certain, and none knows how near?
They err who for the fear of death diſpute,
Our gallant actions this miſtake confute.

Thee, Brutus! Rome's firſt martyr I muſt name;
The Curtii bravely div'd the gulf of flame;
Attilius ſacrific'd himſelf, to ſave
That faith which to his barb'rous foes he gave:
With the two Scipios did thy uncle fall,
Rather than fly from conqu'ring Hannibal:
The great Marcellus (who reſtored Rome)
His greateſt foes with honour did intomb.
Their lives how many of our legions threw
Into the breach? whence no return they knew.
Muſt then the wiſe, the old, the learned, fear
What not the rude, the young, th' unlearn'd, forbear?
Satiety from all things elſe doth come,
Then life muſt to itſelf grow weariſome.
Thoſe trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauſeous to the young man's appetite;
And from thoſe gaieties our youth requires
To exerciſe their minds, our Age retires;
And when the laſt delights of Age ſhall die,
Life in itſelf will find ſatiety.
Now you, my friends, my ſenſe of death ſhall hear,
Which I can well deſcribe, for he ſtands near.
Your father, Lælius, and your's, Scipio,
My friends, and men of honour, I did know:
As certainly as we muſt die, they live
That life which juſtly may that name receive:
Till from theſe priſons of our fleſh releas'd,
Our ſouls with heavy burdens lie oppreſs'd;

Which part of man from heaven falling down,
Earth, in her low abyſs, doth hide and drown,
A place ſo dark to the celeſtial light
And pure eternal fire 's quite oppoſite.
The gods thro' human bodies did diſperſe
An heav'nly ſoul to guide this univerſe,
That man, when he of heav'nly bodies ſaw
The order, might from thence a pattern draw:
Nor this to me did my own dictates ſhow,
But to the old philoſophers I owe.
I heard Pythagoras, and thoſe who came
With him, and from our country took their name,
Who never doubted but the beams divine,
Deriv'd from gods, in mortal breaſts did ſhine.
Nor from my knowledge did the Ancients hide
What Socrates declar'd the hour he dy'd;
He th' immortality of ſouls proclaim'd,
(Whom th' oracle of men the wiſeſt nam'd.)
Why ſhould we doubt of that whereof our ſenſe
Finds demonſtration from experience?
Our minds are here, and there, below, above;
Nothing that 's mortal can ſo ſwiftly move.
Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,
And in an inſtant all that 's paſt collect.
Reaſon, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature but immortal can impart.
Man's ſoul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cauſe that motion owes;

And therefore that no end can overtake,
Becauſe our minds cannot themſelves forſake:
And ſince the matter of our ſoul is pure
And ſimple, which no mixture can endure
Of parts which not among themſelves agree,
Therefore it never can divided be;
And Nature ſhews (without philoſophy)
What cannot be divided cannot die.
We ev'n in early infancy diſcern
Knowledge is born with babes before they learn;
Ere they can ſpeak they find ſo many ways
To ſerve their turn, and ſee more arts than days:
Before their thoughts they plainly can expreſs;
The words and things they know are numberleſs,
Which Nature only and no art could find,
But what ſhe taught before ſhe call'd to mind.
Theſe to his ſons (as Xenophon records)
Of the great Cyrus were the dying words:
" Fear not when I depart; (nor therefore mourn)
" I ſhall be no where, or to nothing turn:
" That ſoul which gave me life was ſeen by none,
" Yet by the actions it deſign'd was known;
" And tho' its flight no mortal eye ſhall ſee,
" Yet know, for ever it the ſame ſhall be.
" That ſoul which can immortal glory give,
" To her own virtues muſt for ever live.
" Can you believe that man's all-knowing mind
" Can to a mortal body be confin'd?

"Tho' a foul foolifh prifon her immure
"On earth, fhe (when efcap'd) is wife and pure.
"Man's body, when diffolv'd, is but the fame
"With beafts, and muft return from whence it came;
"But whence into our bodies reafon flows,
"None fees it when it comes, or where it goes.
"Nothing refembles death fo much as fleep,
"Yet then our minds themfelves from flumber keep.
"When from their flefhly bondage they are free,
"Then what divine and future things they fee!
"Which makes it moft apparent whence they are,
"And what they fhall hereafter be declare."
This noble fpeech the dying Cyrus made.
Me, Scipio, fhall no argument perfuade
Thy grandfire, and his brother, to whom Fame
Gave, from two conquer'd parts o' th' world, their name,
Nor thy great grandfire, nor thy father Paul,
Who fell at Cannæ againft Hannibal;
Nor I (for 't is permitted to the ag'd
To boaft their actions) had fo oft' engag'd
In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought
That only Fame our virtuous actions bought:
'Twere better in foft pleafure and repofe
Inglorioufly our peaceful eyes to clofe:
Some high affurance hath poffefs'd my mind,
After my death an happier life to find.
Unlefs our fouls from the immortals came,
What end have we to feek immortal fame?

All virtuous ſpirits ſome ſuch hope attends,
Therefore the wiſe his days with pleaſure ends.
The fooliſh and ſhort-ſighted die with fear
That they go no where, or they know not where.
The wiſe and virtuous ſoul, with clearer eyes,
Before ſhe parts ſome happy port deſcries.
My friends, your fathers I ſhall ſurely ſee;
Nor only thoſe I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
But ſuch as before ours did end their days,
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praiſe.
This I believe; for were I on my way,
None ſhould perſuade me to return or ſtay.
Should ſome god tell me that I ſhould be born
And cry again, his offer I would ſcorn;
Aſham'd, when I have ended well my race,
To be led back to my firſt ſtarting-place.
And ſince with life we are more griev'd than joy'd,
We ſhould be either ſatisfy'd or cloy'd.
Yet will I not my length of days deplore,
As many wiſe and learn'd have done before;
Nor can I think ſuch life in vain is lent,
Which for our country and our friends is ſpent.
Hence from an inn, not from my home, I paſs,
Since Nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
Happy when I, from this turmoil ſet free,
That peaceful and divine aſſembly ſee:
Not only thoſe I nam'd I there ſhall greet,
But my own gallant virtuous Cato meet.

Nor did I weep when I to aſhes turn'd
His belov'd body, who ſhould mine have burn'd.
I in my thoughts beheld his ſoul aſcend,
Where his fix'd hopes our interview attend.
Then ceaſe to wonder that I feel no grief
From Age, which is of my delights the chief.
My hopes, if this aſſurance hath deceiv'd,
(That I man's ſoul immortal have believ'd)
And if I err, no pow'r ſhall diſpoſſeſs
My thoughts of that expected happineſs.
Tho' ſome minute philoſophers pretend
That with our days our pains and pleaſures end.
If it be ſo I hold the ſafer ſide,
For none of them my error ſhall deride;
And if hereafter no rewards appear,
Yet virtue hath itſelf rewarded here.
If thoſe who this opinion have deſpis'd,
And their whole life to pleaſure ſacrific'd,
Should feel their error, they, when undeceiv'd,
Too late will wiſh that me they had believ'd.
If ſouls no immortality obtain,
'Tis fit our bodies ſhould be out of pain.
The ſame uneaſineſs which ev'ry thing
Gives to our nature life muſt alſo bring.
Good acts, if long, ſeem tedious; ſo is Age,
Acting too long upon this earth, her ſtage.
Thus much for Age, to which when you arrive,
That joy to you which it gives me 't will give.

OF PRUDENCE.

PREFACE

TO THE FOLLOWING TRANSLATION.

GOING this last summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an ancient and honourable friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) retirement with the Latin original of this translation, which (being out of print) I had never seen before. When I looked upon it I saw that it had formerly passed through two learned hands, not without approbation, which were Ben. Johnson and Sir Kenelm Digby; but I found it (where I shall never find myself) in the service of a better master, the Earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more; for I love not to improve the honour of the living by impairing that of the dead; and my own profession hath taught me not to erect new superstructures upon an old ruin. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I liked the entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obsolete English disguise, wherein an old Monk had clothed it, and to make as becoming a new vest for it as I could.

The author was a person of quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched since with the sister of Cardinal Mazarine; he was cotemporary to Petrarch and Mantuan, and not long before Torquato Tasso,

which shews that the age they lived in was not so unlearned as that which preceded or that which followed. The author wrote upon the four cardinal virtues; but I have translated only the two first, not to turn the kindness I intended to him into an injury; for the two last are little more than repetitions and recitals of the first; and (to make a just excuse for him) they could not well be otherwise, since the two last virtues are but descendants from the first, Prudence being the true mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the child of Justice.

WISDOM's first progress is to take a view
What's decent or indecent, false or true.
He's truly prudent who can separate
Honest from vile, and still adhere to that:
Their difference to measure and to reach
Reason well rectify'd must Nature teach;
And these high scrutinies are subjects fit
For man's all-searching and inquiring wit:
That search of knowledge did from Adam flow;
Who wants it yet abhors his wants to show.
Wisdom of what herself approves makes choice,
Nor is led captive by the common voice.
Clear-sighted Reason Wisdom's judgment leads,
And Sense, her vassal, in her footsteps treads.
That thou to Truth the perfect way may'st know,
To thee all her specific forms I'll show.
He that the way to honesty will learn,
First what's to be avoided must discern.

Thyſelf from flatt'ring ſelf-conceit defend,
Nor what thou doſt not know to know pretend.
Some ſecrets deep in abſtruſe darkneſs lie;
To ſearch them thou wilt need a piercing eye;
Nor raſhly therefore to ſuch things aſſent,
Which undeceiv'd thou after may'ſt repent:
Study and time in theſe muſt thee inſtruct,
And others' old experience may conduct.
Wiſdom herſelf her ear doth often lend
To counſel offer'd by a faithful friend.
In equal ſcales two doubtful matters lay,
Thou may'ſt chuſe ſafely that which moſt doth weigh.
'Tis not ſecure this place or that to guard,
If any other entrance ſtand unbarr'd.
He that eſcapes the ſerpent's teeth may fail,
If he himſelf ſecures not from his tail.
Who ſaith who could ſuch ill events expect?
With ſhame on his own counſels doth reflect.
Moſt in the world doth ſelf-conceit deceive,
Who juſt and good whate'er they act believe.
To their wills wedded, to their errors ſlaves,
No man (like them) they think himſelf behaves.
This ſtiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reaſon's lure deſcend.
Fathers ſometimes their children's faults regard
With pleaſure, and their crimes with gifts reward.
Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write,
Virgil and Titian (ſelf-admiring) ſlight;

Then all they do like gold and pearl appears,
And others' actions are but dirt to theirs.
They that so highly think themselves above
All other men, themselves can only love.
Reason and virtue, all that man can boast
O'er other creatures, in those brutes are lost.
Observe (if thee this fatal error touch,
Thou to thyself contributing too much)
Those who are gen'rous, humble, just, and wise,
Who nor their gold nor themselves idolize;
To form thyself by their example learn,
(For many eyes can more than one discern.)
But yet beware of councils when too full,
Number makes long disputes, and graveness dull:
Tho' their advice be good, their counsel wise,
Yet length still loses opportunities.
Debate destroys dispatch, as fruits we see
Rot when they hang too long upon the tree.
In vain that husbandman his seed doth sow,
If he his crop not in due season mow.
A gen'ral sets his army in array
In vain, unless he fight and win the day.
'Tis virtuous action that must praise bring forth,
Without which slow advice is little worth.
Yet they who give good counsel praise deserve,
Tho' in the active part they cannot serve.
In action learned counsellors their age,
Profession, or disease, forbids t' engage.

Nor to philoſophers is praiſe deny'd,
Whoſe wiſe inſtructions after-ages guide;
Yet vainly moſt their age in ſtudy ſpend;
No end of writing books, and to no end:
Beating their brains for ſtrange and hidden things,
Whoſe knowledge nor delight nor profit brings;
Themſelves with doubts both day and night perplex,
Nor gentle reader pleaſe, or teach, but vex.
Books ſhould to one of theſe four ends conduce,
For wiſdom, piety, delight, or uſe.
What need we gaze upon the ſpangled ſky,
Or into matter's hidden cauſes pry,
To deſcribe ev'ry city, ſtream, or hill,
I' th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill?
What is 't to hear a ſophiſter that pleads,
Who by the ears the deceiv'd audience leads?
If we were wiſe theſe things we ſhould not mind,
But more delight in eaſy matters find.
Learn to live well, that thou may'ſt die ſo too;
To live and die is all we have to do:
The way (if no digreſſion 's made) is even,
And free acceſs, if we but aſk, is given.
Then ſeek to know thoſe things which make us bleſt,
And having found them lock them in thy breaſt:
Inquiring then the way, go on, nor ſlack,
But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole age in theſe inquiries waſte,
And die like fools before one ſtep they 'ave paſt.

'Tis ſtrange to know the way and not t' advance;
That knowledge is far worſe than ignorance.
The learned teach, but what they teach not do,
And ſtanding ſtill themſelves make others go.
In vain on ſtudy time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.
The ſoldier that philoſopher well blam'd
Who long and loudly in the ſchools declaim'd;
"Tell," ſaid the ſoldier, "venerable Sir!
"Why all theſe words, this clamour, and this ſtir?
"Why do diſputes in wrangling ſpend the day,
"Whilſt one ſays only yea, and t' other nay?"
"Oh," ſaid the Doctor, "we for wiſdom toil'd,
"For which none toils too much." The ſoldier ſmil'd;
"You 're gray and old, and to ſome pious uſe
"This maſs of treaſure you ſhould now reduce:
"But you your ſtore have hoarded in ſome bank,
"For which th' infernal ſpirits ſhall you thank."
Let what thou learneſt be by practice ſhown;
'Tis ſaid that Wiſdom's children make her known.
What 's good doth open to th' inquirer ſtand,
And itſelf offers to th' accepting hand:
All things by order and true meaſures done;
Wiſdom will end as well as ſhe begun.
Let early care thy main concerns ſecure,
Things of leſs moment may delays endure.
Men do not for their ſervants firſt prepare,
And of their wives and children quit the care;

Yet when we 're ſick the doctor's fetch'd in haſte,
Leaving our great concernment to the laſt.
When we are well, our hearts are only ſet
(Which way we care not) to be rich or great.
What ſhall become of all that we have got?
We only know that us it follows not;
And what a trifle is a moment's breath
Laid in the ſcale with everlaſting death!
What 's time, when on eternity we think?
A thouſand ages in that ſea muſt ſink.
Time 's nothing but a word; a million
Is full as far from infinite as one.
To whom thou much doſt owe thou much muſt pay;
Think on the debt againſt th' accompting-day.
God, who to thee reaſon and knowledge lent,
Will aſk how theſe two talents have been ſpent.
Let not low pleaſures thy high reaſon blind;
He 's mad that ſeeks what no man e'er could find.
Why ſhould we fondly pleaſe our ſenſe, wherein
Beaſts us exceed, nor feel the ſtings of ſin?
What thoughts man's reaſon better can become
Than th' expectation of his welcome home?
Lords of the world have but for life their leaſe,
And that too (if the leſſor pleaſe) muſt ceaſe.
Death cancels Nature's bonds, but for our deeds
(That debt firſt paid) a ſtrict account ſucceeds.
If here not clear'd, no ſuretyſhip can bail
Condemned debtors from th' eternal jail.

Chriſt's blood 's our balſam; if that cure us here,
Him, when our Judge, we ſhall not find ſevere;
His yoke is eaſy when by us embrac'd,
But loads and galls, if on our necks 't is caſt.
Be juſt in all thy actions; and if join'd
With thoſe that are not, never change thy mind.
If aught obſtruct thy courſe, yet ſtand not ſtill,
But wind about, till you have topp'd the hill.
To the ſame end men ſev'ral paths may tread,
As many doors into one temple lead;
And the ſame hand into a fiſt may cloſe,
Which inſtantly a palm expanded ſhows.
Juſtice and faith never forſake the wiſe,
Yet may occaſion put him in diſguiſe;
Not turning like the wind, but if the ſtate
Of things muſt change, he is not obſtinate;
Things paſt and future with the preſent weighs,
Nor credulous of what vain rumour ſays.
Few things by wiſdom are at firſt believ'd;
An eaſy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd:
For many truths have often paſs'd for lies,
And lies as often put on truth's diſguiſe:
As flattery too oft' like friendſhip ſhows,
So them who ſpeak plain truth we think our foes.
No quick reply to dubious queſtions make;
Suſpenſe and caution ſtill prevent miſtake.
When any great deſign thou doſt intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end:

All great concernments muſt delays endure;
Raſhneſs and haſte make all things unſecure;
And if uncertain thy pretenſions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty;
But if to unjuſt things thou doſt pretend,
Ere they begin let thy pretenſions end.
Let thy diſcourſe be ſuch that thou may'ſt give
Profit to others, or from them receive.
Inſtruct the ignorant; to thoſe that live
Under thy care good rules and patterns give:
Nor is 't the leaſt of virtues to relieve.
Thoſe whom afflictions or oppreſſions grieve.
Commend but ſparingly whom thou doſt love;
But leſs condemn whom thou doſt not approve:
Thy friend, like flatt'ry, too much praiſe doth wrong,
And too ſharp cenſure ſhows an evil tongue:
But let inviolate truth be always dear
To thee; ev'n before friendſhip truth prefer.
Than what thou mean'ſt to give ſtill promiſe leſs:
Hold faſt the pow'r thy promiſe to increaſe.
Look forward what 's to come, and back what 's paſt,
Thy life will be with praiſe and prudence grac'd:
What loſs or gain may follow thou may'ſt gueſs,
Thou then wilt be ſecure of the ſucceſs:
Yet be not always on affairs intent,
But let thy thoughts be eaſy and unbent:
When our minds' eyes are diſengag'd and free,
They clearer, farther, and diſtinctly ſee;

They quicken ſloth, perplexities unty,
Make roughneſs ſmooth, and hardneſs mollify;
And tho' our hands from labour are releaſt,
Yet our minds find (ev'n when we ſleep) no reſt.
Search not to find how other men offend,
But by that glaſs thy own offences mend;
Still ſeek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
(So it be learning) or from whence it come.
Of thy own actions others' judgments learn;
Often by ſmall great matters we diſcern.
Youth what man's age is like to be doth ſhow;
We may our ends by our beginnings know.
Let none direct thee what to do or ſay,
Till thee thy judgment of the matter ſway.
Let not the pleaſing many thee delight;
Firſt judge if thoſe whom thou doſt pleaſe judge right.
Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things whoſe knowledge is forbid;
Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn round
Standing, and whence no ſafe deſcent is found.
In vain his nerves and faculties he ſtrains
To riſe, whoſe raiſing unſecure remains.
They whom deſert and favour forwards thruſt,
Are wiſe when they their meaſures can adjuſt.
When well at eaſe, and happy, live content,
And then conſider why that life was lent.
When wealthy, ſhow thy wiſdom not to be
To wealth a ſervant, but make wealth ſerve thee.

'Tho' all alone, yet nothing think or do
Which nor a witneſs nor a judge might know.
The higheſt hill is the moſt ſlipp'ry place,
And Fortune mocks us with a ſmiling face;
And her unſteady hand hath often plac'd
Men in high pow'r, but ſeldom holds them faſt;
Againſt her then her forces Prudence joins,
And to the golden mean herſelf confines.
More in proſperity is reaſon toſt
Than ſhips in ſtorms, their helms and anchors loſt:
Before fair gales not all our ſails we bear,
But with ſide-winds into ſafe harbours ſteer:
More ſhips in calms on a deceitful coaſt,
Or unſeen rocks, than in high ſtorms are loſt.
Who caſts out threats and frowns no man deceives;
Time for reſiſtence and defence he gives;
But flatt'ry ſtill in ſugar'd words betrays,
And poiſon in high-taſted meats conveys:
So Fortune's ſmiles unguarded man ſurpriſe,
But when ſhe frowns he arms, and her defies.

OF JUSTICE.

'Tis the firſt ſanction Nature gave to man,
Each other to aſſiſt in what they can;
Juſt or unjuſt this law for ever ſtands;
All things are good by law which ſhe commands.
The firſt ſtep, man towards Chriſt muſt juſtly live,
Who to' us himſelf, and all we have, did give.
In vain doth man the name of Juſt expect,
If his devotions he to God neglect.
So muſt we rev'rence God, as firſt to know
Juſtice from him, not from ourſelves, doth flow.
God thoſe accepts who to mankind are friends,
Whoſe Juſtice far as their own pow'r extends;
In that they imitate the Pow'r divine;
The ſun alike on good and bad doth ſhine;
And he that doth no good, altho' no ill,
Does not the office of the juſt fulfil.
Virtue doth man to virtuous actions ſteer;
'Tis not enough that he ſhould vice forbear:
We live not only for our ourſelves to care,
Whilſt they that want it are deny'd their ſhare.
Wiſe Plato ſaid the world with men was ſtor'd,
That ſuccour each to other might afford;
Nor are thoſe ſuccours to one ſort confin'd,
But ſev'ral parts to ſev'ral men conſign'd.

He that of his own ſtores no part can give,
May with his counſel or his hands relieve.
If Fortune make thee pow'rful, give defence,
'Gainſt fraud and force, to naked innocence:
And when our Juſtice doth her tributes pay,
Method and order muſt direct the way.
Firſt to our God we muſt with rev'rence bow;
The ſecond honour to our prince we owe;
Next to wives, parents, children, fit reſpect,
And to our friends and kindred we direct:
Then we muſt thoſe who groan beneath the weight
Of age, diſeaſe, or want, commiſerate.
'Mongſt thoſe whom honeſt lives can recommend,
Our Juſtice more compaſſion ſhould extend:
To ſuch who thee in ſome diſtreſs did aid,
Thy debt of thanks with int'reſt ſhould be paid.
As Heſiod ſings, Spread waters o'er thy field,
And a moſt juſt and glad increaſe 't will yield.
But yet take heed, leſt doing good to one
Miſchief and wrong be to another done:
Such moderation with thy bounty join,
That thou may'ſt nothing give that is not thine:
That liberality 's but caſt away
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay.
And no acceſs to wealth let rapine bring;
Do nothing that 's unjuſt to be a king.
Juſtice muſt be from violence exempt,
But fraud 's her only object of contempt.

Fraud in the fox, force in the lion, dwells,
But Juſtice both from human hearts expels;
But he 's the greateſt monſter (without doubt)
Who is a wolf within, a ſheep without.
Nor only ill injurious actions are,
But evil words and ſlanders bear their ſhare.
Truth Juſtice loves, and truth injuſtice fears;
Truth above all things a juſt man reveres.
Tho' not by oaths we God to witneſs call,
He ſees and hears, and ſtill remembers all;
And yet our atteſtations we may wreſt
Sometimes, to make the truth more manifeſt.
If by a lie a man preſerve his faith,
He pardon, leave, and abſolution hath;
Or if I break my promiſe, which to thee
Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
All things committed to thy truſt conceal,
Nor what 's forbid by any means reveal.
Expreſs thyſelf in plain not doubtful words,
That ground for quarrels or diſputes affords.
Unleſs thou find occaſion hold thy tongue;
Thyſelf or others careleſs talk may wrong.
When thou art called into public pow'r,
And when a crowd of ſuitors throng thy door,
Be ſure no great offenders 'ſcape their dooms;
Small praiſe from len'ty and remiſſneſs comes:
Crimes pardon'd others to thoſe crimes invite,
Whilſt lookers-on ſevere examples fright.

When by a pardon'd murd'rer blood is ſpilt,
The judge that pardon'd hath the greateſt guilt.
Who accuſe rigour make a groſs miſtake;
One criminal pardon'd may an hundred make.
When Juſtice on offenders is not done,
Law, government, and commerce, are o'erthrown;
As beſieg'd traitors with the foe conſpire
T' unlock the gates and ſet the town on fire.
Yet leſt the puniſhment th' offence exceed,
Juſtice with weight and meaſure muſt proceed:
Yet when pronouncing ſentence ſeem not glad,
Such ſpectacles, tho' they are juſt, are ſad;
Tho' what thou doſt thou ought'ſt not to repent,
Yet human bowels cannot but relent.
Rather than all muſt ſuffer ſome muſt die;
Yet Nature muſt condole their miſery:
And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'ſt not theſe condemn and thoſe abſolve.
Juſtice when equal ſcales ſhe holds is blind;
Nor cruelty nor mercy change her mind.
When ſome eſcape for that which others die,
Mercy to thoſe to theſe is cruelty.
A fine and ſlender net the ſpider weaves,
Which little and light animals receives;
And if ſhe catch a common bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die;
But if a waſp or hornet ſhe entrap,
They tear her cords, like Samſon, and eſcape:

So like a fly the poor offender dies,
But like the wasp the rich escapes and flies.
Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The punishment beyond the crime extend,
Or after warning the offence forget;
So God himself our failings doth remit.
Expect not more from servants than is just;
Reward them well if they observe their trust;
Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
Since God and Nature them our brothers made:
If his offence be great let that suffice;
If light forgive; for no man's always wise.

AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION

OF A MODERN AUTHOR

UPON THE GAME OF CHESS.

A TABLET ſtood of that abſterſive tree
Where Æthiop's ſwarthy bird did build her neſt,
Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Afric's prudent beaſt.
Two kings like Saul, much taller than the reſt,
Their equal armies draw into the field;
Till one take th' other pris'ner they conteſt;
Courage and fortune muſt to conduct yield.
This game the Perſian Magi did invent,
The force of Eaſtern wiſdom to expreſs;
From thence to buſy Europeans ſent,
And ſtyl'd by modern Lombards Penſive Cheſs.
Yet ſome that fled from Troy to Rome report,
Pentheſilea Priam did oblige;
Her Amazons his Trojans taught this ſport,
To paſs the tedious hours of ten years' ſiege.
There ſhe preſents herſelf, whilſt kings and peers
Look gravely on whilſt fierce Bellona fights;
Yet maiden modeſty her motions ſteers,
Nor rudely ſkips o'er biſhops' heads like knights.

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THE END.